

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

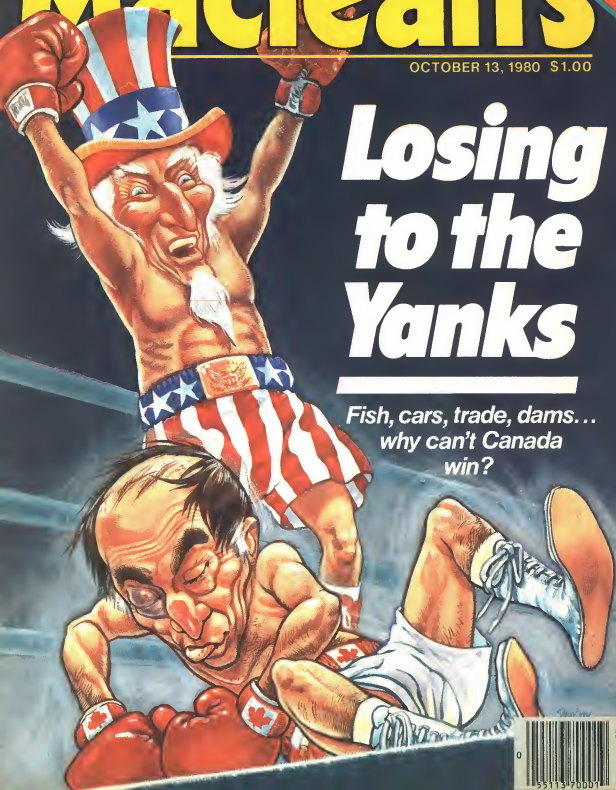
Maclean's

OCTOBER 13, 1980 \$1.00

The
stampede
to cowboy culture

Losing to the Yanks

Fish, cars, trade, dams...
why can't Canada
win?





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Canadian Club
A taste of the world. The taste of home.



The wreckers on the right

By Marc McDonald



It is the golden late-day light of a Paris weekday, early, the July dawn, the bluish deep of those who know nothing of the headlines. Beside his carriage, however, his mother sat in a state of extended shock. Thanks to a frivolous twist of fate, a few days earlier the two of them had just passed by among the rubble left by Munich's Oktoberfest neo-Nazi bombing. "It could have been us," the kept repeating. But her reflections did not end there. "You know, if there is another swell of anti-Semitism in Europe, I just wonder how many of our so-called friends would rally to defend us."

To the casual onlooker, these musings might have seemed a non sequitur. But the connections were perfectly obvious to a woman with a Star of David around her neck, who had escaped the nightmare only to be greeted back home in Paris by another a non sequitur: a Jewish day-care centre and a memorial to Jewish martyrs under the Nazi occupation all strangled by machine-gun fire and blackened by molten flames. Her fears, in fact, were to prove horrifyingly prophetic. Friday night, shortly after midnight, her shiksho came as the telephone announced that a bomb had just ripped into the synagogue around the corner from her 10th arrondissement apartment, killing at least four people and injuring two dozen others of the 400 Sabbath observers.

It was the 11th neo-Nazi terrorist attack in the country in less than three months, and if it outshined all previous ones for sheer bloodiness, the accumulation of abominations provoked French Grand Rabbi Jacob Kaplan into thundering against the apparent impotence of the country's politicians, and his was not the only voice to cry out against a marked failure among European police forces to squash rightist extremists with the same gusto that they customarily launch on the left.

The main reason for that reluctance may have been pragmatic. Until recently, terrorism in the name of Marx and Mao had simply succeeded in creating more havoc, from the sick Bender-Moskoff kidnappings, which paralyzed Germany, to the bloody disseminating of Italian social trust by the assassins of the Red Brigades. But in the past year, as the struggles from "Red Terrorist" wanted posters were being soaked behind bars with almost routine regularity while right-wing violence struck with deadly frequency, another controversy began to become dread reality. As events over the past two months have revealed, some law and order forces were nibbled with neo-fascist activists.

The supposition that the ship in the wake of the Bologna railway station massacre last August, which left

88 corpses and 200 injured is a random neo-Nazi dream of death. Afterward, a socialist cabinet minister accused Italian police of collusion with the rightists. Investigations, however, primarily led to Fraxson and, in fact, are partly responsible for triggering the latest wave of anti-Semitic horrors. On a tip-off from Bologna police, French authorities arrested Paul-Louis Durand, a 28-year-old magazine trader with the secret service responsible, among other things, for terrorist surveillance and protection of VIPs.

At one time Durand had even been assigned to guard Kaplan, despite the fact that his superiors apparently knew he was a leading militant and editorial writer for a 150-member French neo-Nazi group called TAVN, the Federation of National European Action, which made no secret of its mottoes: "One race, one combat" and "Jewish must be destroyed." Even before the Bologna bombing, Durand had not with pro-fascist extremists there and attended a training camp in the Abnazi mountains for right-wing advocates of violence.

In the ensuing inquiry into—and prompt outlawing of—FANP, the French government was less than pleased by the revelation that as many as 20 of the movement's 150-odd faithful were policemen, among them a high-ranking personnel officer responsible for promotion and pistol schooling. As Bernard Thomas of the national weekly *Le Canard Enchaîné* put it: "Why be surprised when investigations of fascist attacks never make any progress?" And a French

newsmagazine revealed that not only did FANP have ties with Germany's neo-Nazis, Spain's right wing and the Ku Klux Klan, but that they had recently visited their counterparts in Mexico.

The sinister thread that links Europe's right-wing terrorists are only now beginning to surface in a bloody tapestry that more than rivals the tableau of violence etched across the continent by the left. In France, however, the danger has taken on the darkest colors of all. Late last month, after the first wave of anti-Semitic attacks in Paris, an organization, which called itself FANP's successor, the Federation of European Nationalists (FEN), promised all were exiles unless FANP's former chief, a 46-year-old bank employee named Marc Pedrakos, is acquitted of disseminating racial hate when sentenced Oct. 27.

Friday's synagogue bombing was their gruesome reminder that as French authorities rushed to calm the country's estranged Jewish community and at once it is to respond in kind, the hope was that the explosion would prove the ribe of those in power not only in France but all over Europe. Terrorists of the right have the same goal as those of the left: to bring down the curtain of social chaos and set the stage for their own vanity dream—but not in the end and similar—brand of totalitarianism.

Marc McDonald is *Macdonald's* Paris correspondent.



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Watch those (government) ads!

"To me the memo read like the outline for a propaganda campaign"

By Murray Cookman



When the government uses my tax dollars to tell me what to think, I get concerned. When government advertising does not meet the minimum standard of integrity required by the national advertising code, when information it provides is false and misleading, I want to fight back. Unfortunately, I cannot.

In the scorching heat of summer, Ottawa launched two of the most expensive government advertising campaigns since the Second World War. The Liberal government had decided to put out two messages—one on the constitution and the other on energy. The constitution ads featured the free-flying Canada goose. The

energy ads, however, told Canadians, who are the heaviest energy users in the world: "Energy, you have what it takes!"

In a linked memo, the government is setting out the strategy of the energy campaign. Donald Haugright, director of communications with the department of energy, mines and resources, advised that the objective would be to gain federal control of the energy debate. "For unless public perceptions of the Canadian energy picture are altered," the memo argued, "energy" will continue to have an adverse impact on the other major national issues in which government does have some current control: inflation, unemployment, the constitution.

"The memo then asked: 'What public perception could we hope to establish?' To me the memo read like the outline for a propaganda campaign. Not so, according to Mr. Haugright. "I applied to the word 'propagandizing' or 'propaganda' certain unwelcome characteristics in which one would try to manipulate public opinion by being somewhat less than forthcoming and showing a great deal less than candor."

On Aug. 1, an advertisement appeared in *The Globe and Mail* entitled: "You Could Be Heating Your Home With Gas From the Coldest Place on Earth." This ad was both misleading and, by Mr. Haugright's own definition, propaganda. Why did I think it misleading? The ad gave the impression that there is plenty of natural gas available in the Arctic islands—"Enough to heat every Canadian home for more than 10 years." The gas may be there, but we do not yet know how much of the gas we will be able to produce, how it will be transported or what it will cost. That is why the National Energy Board does not include Arctic gas in its calculations of Canada's energy supply. The ad asked if the gas could be transported south by tanker and re-purified with a catalytic "yes." The government cannot substantiate this claim. According to Petro-Canada, the company operating the Arctic Pilot Project, "No one has ever tried shipping LNG (liquefied natural gas) through the

ice-covered waters of the Arctic islands before." According to the ad, the project will use Canadian money, skills, technology and people—"It's a total Canadian commitment." This claim is misleading because the technology for LNG will be imported from France and, under current plans, the ships will be built in foreign shipyards.

Not only is the ad misleading, it has its facts wrong. It listed the owners of the Arctic Pilot Project, but left out a company that owns 30 per cent—Dome Petroleum. The ad gave the cost of each tanker at \$500 million. In fact, this is the cost of two tanker ships. With all the money they have to work with, government advisers are either incompetent or they are distorting the truth. Finally, the advertisement claimed the project is "an territory administered by the Government of Canada." But what about the Inuit? They claim much of this territory as the basis of their own

company of the area for centuries, and these claims have not yet been settled.

After investigation, I found that both the ethical standards developed by the advertising industry, and Section 36 of the Combines Investigation Act, disallow statements that are misleading or false. In both the code and act, the general expression conveyed by an advertisement—its literal meaning—is judged. Unfortunately, the code in the standard of a voluntary association to which the government does not belong, the Combines Act does not apply to government. As a private citizen, all I can do is request an investigation by either the Advertising Standards Council or the department of consumer and corporate affairs.

Why is it that our democracy has no protection against misleading advertising by government—an avenue to challenge government propaganda? Several weeks ago two newspapers dared. A bar and they went out from politicians and journalists about the control of the press by two large chains. Almost immediately, a royal commission was announced by cabinet. But which is the greater threat to our democracy—the will-age of two newspapers or the freedom of the government to mislead without challenge? Perhaps they are of equal concern, but where is the bar and they from Mr. Trudeau and his colleagues questioning government control of the media? Come to think of it, where are the *Loyal Opposition* and the *Fourth Estate*?

What should be done? First, the government must correct the misleading and false information it has propagated. Second, Parliament must change the law so that government advisers have to play by the rules. Third, Parliament must establish more stringent guidelines of what is appropriate for government advertisements. Finally, the auditor-general must investigate this waste of government funds. Otherwise—the *Canada* does not see the constitution ads as anything less than a waste of money.

Murray Cookman is the executive secretary of the Canadian Anti-Bureaucratic Coalition, a nonprofit public-interest group.

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"If Buddha cannot please
everyone, how could I?"

Q&A: Dalai Lama

Spiritual messenger with his heart in Tibet

Tenzin Gyatso, the Fourteenth Dalai Lama of Tibet, was born in the small farming village of Taktse in the province of Amdo on July 6, 1935. At the age of 2, following a nationwide search, he was declared to be the reincarnation of his predecessor, the great Thirteenth Dalai Lama. He spent his childhood in the company of monks and aristocrats, with rare visits from his family. As he grew older, his curiosity concerning the world beyond Tibet led him into a round of self-initiated research, including the study of English, science and mathematics. In his own Buddhist studies he was recognized by his tutors to be exceptional. In 1957, he was recognized as the 14th Dalai Lama by the Tibetan people. For nine years thereafter, the Dalai Lama—recognized by Tibetans as their spiritual as well as religious leader—enjoyed a close relationship with the Chinese government, which he could announce the effect of their occupation upon his people. In March of 1959, however, a popular uprising against the Chinese erupted in Lhasa, the capital. The Dalai Lama escaped to India, fol-

lowed by more than 100,000 refugees fleeing a brutal suppression, one that eventually won to them more than half a million acres and much on the almost complete destruction of the traditional Tibetan culture. More recently, Peking has announced major reforms in its official regime, hoping to ease the refugees' home, and representatives of the Dalai Lama have been allowed to visit their homeland—with a view to eventually returning for good. From his residence in India, the Dalai Lama has tried to rally the spirits of Tibetan refugees scattered the world over. He will meet with refugees living in Canada on April 20-21, 1994. He will also be interviewed for *Maclean's* in New York by writer John A. Holmes.

Maclean's: What were your first feelings on homecoming as the Dalai Lama?

Dalai Lama: I was very happy. I liked it a lot. Even before I was recognized, I often told my mother that I was going to go to China.

Maclean's: When you were a little boy, how did you feel about being treated by

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adults as an important person? Were you apprehensive or even frightened at being so revered?

Gail Laro: Tibetans are very practical people. Older Tibetans would never treat me that way. Also, I was very self-confident. When I first approached Lobsang on the Debating Plaza, the Ne-chang Gendun came to further verify that I was the correct choice. With him came an old, very respectful and highly educated gendun (elder) from Looding College of Drepung Monastery. He was deeply concerned whether or not I was the correct choice. To have made a mistake in finding the Dalai Lama would be very dangerous. He came into the tent where I was in a group and we said and determined that unquestionably I was the right choice. So you see, though there were certain very proper old people who wanted to be sure, I apparently got on a good performance and convinced them (laughter).

Mackinnon's OK: Not asking you about your own deepest experience, but in terms of the course of your life—the events of your life—how have these affected you as a man? How have you grown through experiencing them?

Gail Laro: Being a refugee has been very useful. You are much closer to reality. When I was in Tibet as the Dalai Lama, I was trying to be realistic, but somehow because of circumstances there was some distance. I think I was a bit isolated from the reality.

Mackinnon's: Only a few people in history have been considered, in one way or another, divine. Is this role a burden or a delight?

Dalai Lama: It is very helpful. Through this role I am able of great benefit to people. For this reason I like it, I'm at home with it. It's clear that it is very helpful to people and that I have the fortunate relationship to be in this role. Also, it is clear that there is a karmic relationship with the Tibetan people in particular.

Mackinnon's: How do you deal with your personal limitations, your limits as a man?

Gail Laro: Again, as it says in Shantideva (Buddhist scriptures), "If the Wheel of Dharma cannot please all sentient beings, then how could I?" Rise as an enlightened being, with limitless knowledge and power and the wish to save all others from suffering, cannot eliminate the individual limits of each being.

Mackinnon's: Could you describe current conditions in Tibet as far as you are aware of them?

Gail Laro: Each day the labor period is 10 or 12 hours, sometimes 14. Therefore, the Tibetans say there are only three things to see. In the morning you see the stars, during the day the lack of the sun, and at night, returning from work, the moon. After work they must

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remain another two or three hours at political meetings.

Maclean's: Is proper education available?

Dalai Lama: In central Tibet, two or three years back, we heard on Radio China propaganda that there were more than 3,000 primary schools and a few middle schools. Recently, the Chinese said that there are 6,000 primary schools in central Tibet. No doubt there are several thousand. The real standard of education, though, is very, very low. In China, itself, in the past two or three decades, there has been more emphasis on ideology than education. The food conditions for schoolboys and girls are also bad. Due to that food, most of the students got very sick. Many of them have said that they never want to be born again in such a place.

Maclean's: How about medical care?

Dalai Lama: There are many clinics. There are also the famous Buddhist doctors. One good thing is that the Chinese respect traditional Tibetan medicine. They have actually built factories to make Tibetan medicines. This is very good, but the actual health conditions among the masses are different. The real benefit they get from these health centres is very little. Also you might know that they have just changed the head of the so-called Tibetan Autonomous Region, the leader. The new person is a Tibetan, which the Chinese make a big point of for propaganda purposes. I know this person very well. He is a very good man, a very nice man, but, unfortunately, when we spoke we needed an interpreter. He didn't speak Tibetan. When he was a very small boy, he was taken by the Red Army during their Long March. He was from then on completely cut off from any contact with Tibetans. His wife is Chinese. He spent his entire life in the Red Army. **Maclean's:** Is the country very much of a small camp? After 20 years, is it still occupied by Chinese troops?

Dalai Lama: Practically wherever there is a Tibetan population, there also is a big Chinese military camp. In the border area it is understandable to have large military camps, but inside, if things were quite normal, then why would it be necessary to station large numbers of soldiers everywhere? In Lhasa alone, the Han population is more than the Tibetan population. **Maclean's:** Tibet is hard to say at this point, but under what conditions would you go back to Tibet?

Dalai Lama: My general explanation—our general aim—is that the people be happy. Now that is the main point. In detail, I don't want to say at the moment—and it is difficult to say. At the moment there is no question of returning. First, things must change inside; then, we'll see.

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We manoeuvred our way through the clamour of construction. The hotelier pointed us towards exposed air ducts and dangling wires and said "It will be a vaulted ceiling with beams." He pointed out an area off the lobby destined to be a lounge with a floor-to-ceiling brick fireplace. And I thought: A log fire. If they were building the Airport Inn today, that's what they'd do.

We peered down at a swimming pool, some forty feet by. The sun flooded in through a skylight and a window wall. And outside were dozers and scrapers and men building steps up a slope towards a stand of old cedars. An inner garden for those poolside to look out onto.

The hotelier pointed down "Look, plank!" We were outside what was to become a small, elegant dining room and a larger restaurant. They, too, looked out onto a garden. Over the way, a health club, with squash and tennis courts, was in the making. We saw the meeting rooms, bright with natural light, windows and patios opening onto a quiet, green outlook. The thought intruded again: pool and garden, restaurants and garden, meet-

ing rooms and gardens, tennis courts. How like the Airport Inn.

The Airport Inn was Delta Hotels' first. Tasteless and friendly, something like a country inn set down near Vancouver International Airport. Eighteen years and many hotels later, the Airport Inn, quiet, friendly, and altogether nice, has a partner in spirit.

Delta's new Meadowvale Inn is now open, the bustle of construction replaced by a cool serenity. Some eight miles west of Toronto International Airport, just south of the 401 Highway, it is part of the new planned community of Meadowvale. Its impressive aspects include a two-level suite with log-burning fire, and big-bath bathroom,

and a children's creative centre, staffed with all sorts of fascinating things for little minds and fingers to busy themselves with while parents unbusy themselves. The Meadowvale Inn's 200 guest rooms are large and very tastefully done. Its lobby, restaurants and lounges have something about them that defy hotel hauteur. Like a country inn, a nice, warm feeling.

The old word, *hostelry*, comes to mind.

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A mean town matures



Fort McMurray: concrete, steel and unaccommodable human expectations in the wilderness.

By Wayne Stone

The name unfortunately evokes a bizarre string of beautiful images, half-truths and lasting misconceptions. Fort McMurray. It carries a symbolic ring, perhaps not quite as potent as Sodom and Gomorrah, nor as golden as Dallas, but almost, to some minds. To unemployed Canadians, Fort McMurray is *Sisyra*—study jobs with the highest wages in the country. For social scientists, Fort McMurray is the continent's largest and most concentrated stress test—the place where considerable expectations, mixed with illusion, convert easily into a statistical human casualty list of broken marriages and crime. To other Canadians, it is simply Alberta's codified "boomtown," that holed-up and abusive town that punishes the losers of Alberta's wealth. For the media, Fort McMurray is a veritable Pandora's box of captivity where the human shards of rapid growth are piled carelessly for inspection. In bad times, these shreds will be rumored as the news of someone else's misfortune.

For better or for worse, Fort McMurray is now an indelible part of the Canadian lexicon. In 1973, when the first oilfield was set up in the area, it was the only town in the world with a collective rate of growth of 100 per cent. In the years since, it has grown to a population of 30,000. Fort McMurray was awarded a 30 per cent increase in its population over just two years. In retrospect, the 1973



Chick, Mason: a little about civility

"housing crisis" would prove a minor irritant. In less than a decade, the population of the town (it became a city last year) would increase by almost 300 per cent to 28,000. In 1975, Sisyra began construction of its \$2.2-billion oil sands extraction plant. The plant was the second in the area, following on the 1964 establishment of the smaller Great Canadian Oil Sands (now Suncor Inc.) plant. Sisyra was the first major effort to tap the estimated 800-billion-barrel crude oil potential of the Athabasca oil sands. Fort McMurray, 170 km north of Edmonton, happened to be the "fortunate" community straddling 10,000 square miles of oil formation.

The oil sands hold twice the potential of Saudi Arabia, enough, as author Joseph Pridemore explained in his

book *Black Gold With Greed: The History of the Alberta Oil Sands* "to pave a future superhighway the 250,000-old mile... to the moon, with ample to spare for appetites and not more."

The frantic scramble to convert this immense latent wealth into 250 billion barrels of synthetic oil was the catalyst for Fort McMurray's rapid growth, its rampant speculation and the social calamity it was thrown into. More than 8,000 construction workers invaded Fort McMurray over a four-year period. It is estimated from studies that between 1971 and '76, while the Sisyra project was under construction, as many as 10,000 members of "shadow work force"—workers coming and going as their personal situations dictated—passed through the town. At the peak of the construction period in the spring of 1977, Fort McMurray was both the magnet that attracted Canada's itinerant grid-seekers and the paragon of Alberta's boom syndrome. Highway 46, cutting its way through northern Alberta wilderness to Fort McMurray, carried a constant stream of trucks and battered Volkswagen Beetles. The Athabasca lay towns with concrete, steel and unaccommodable human expectations.



Like a naive reinvestment of John Bonaville's lead family in *The Grapes of Wrath*, the less fortunate and the less prepared camped in drafty tents and trailers along the highway and the highway leading into Fort McMurray. The few hotels that existed there were always full. New bungalows—when available—were priced at \$80,000 to start. Recreation facilities for the population of 30,000 consisted of a single community centre and very few taverns where you could grab a seat. Like ghosts from a Division City disasterpageant from the turn-of-the-century gold rush, Fort McMurray inhabitants lined up for the once-a-week delivery of fresh vegetables at the Redfern store.

The town was boiling. It was a mean place. And it showed. Crimes of assault, juvenile delinquency, alcohol and drug abuse and sexual offences led all Al-

beria statistics. Then, at a time when Alberta led the nation in most of these categories, The per-capita sale of liquor was double the national average. Presumably, the number of marriages breakdown and divorces soared to figures double those of, for example, Ontario. Fort McMurray was all things Canadian: communities are not supposed to be—visually unimpressive, socially noxious and violated by an invasion of single, unemployed transients. But that was 20 years ago.

Today, Fort McMurray is a surprisingly stable city of 38,000 proud citizens

"We did it, and we survived," claims Judi Dicko, a seven-year Fort McMurray veteran and community editor for the Fort McMurray *Globe and Mail* daily newspaper. "We didn't fall apart at the seams, become gibbering idiots or end up in Valhalla city, either." The crime statistics have fallen dramatically with the eases of the Syncrude construction workers in the winter of 1977-78. Then are under way on how to cope with the next construction boom—the \$5-billion Alameda Oil Sands plant to be located north of the Syncrude site. Fort McMurray shows every evidence of having not

only survived, but of maturing as well.

First, though, the city must put up with another invasion that is currently under way. This swarm is not made up of the devil-dad unemployed hordes; the new invaders, attracted like moths to a bright flame, wear three-piece suits and carry cassette tape recorders. They are the Fort McMurray weather—social scientists and media reporters. Each with at least one visiting journalist, "Discover" the problems of Fort McMurray. In the past five years, 18 major business and academic studies have been conducted by visiting and resident social scientists.

"Very often what is written about us doesn't reflect the here-and-now," says Mayor W.E. (Ted) Mason. The soft-spoken Mason is the town's former RCMP staff sergeant and has been a resident for six years. Almost apologetically he informs *Discover* that this is the second interview he has given this day; the first is to a national business magazine studying growth and development in the suburbs called Fort McMurray Mason's pleasant manner clouds somewhat when he refers to a recent piece in *The Globe and Mail*, titled "The Bleak Side of Boom Town" and bordered in black, the article mentioned local residents.

"It was unfair and grossly out of date," claims Ren Flaherty, a 20-year-old resident and tour co-ordinator at the Suncor Inc. plant. The article, written in August by a free-lance writer from Montreal, focused, as had CBC television and radio, National Geographic magazine, a West German television network and *The New York Times*, on the seamy side of Fort McMurray. It portrayed the town as a six-and-a-half-cent capital, one place with a higher than average divorce rate, alcohol-related and juvenile offences and the best of several devices: "We're still looking for the signs of sexual decency," says Judi Dicko. "God knows we've all looked."

Turns out the writer based her article on a study done three years ago.

The study—written by Charles Roberts—was principally aimed at examining the impact an added Alameda plant would have on Fort McMurray and the surrounding area. The study probed the pitfalls of rapid economic growth, assessed stress factors related to strange new community circumstances and the high cost of living in isolated places such as Fort McMurray, as well as the shortage of community services. "The *Globe and Mail* described Fort McMurray in a way that might have been legitimate three or four years ago," says Flaherty with reference to life during the Syncrude construction period. "It was an incremental period to be sure," says Dicko. "You learned to sleep on Thursday morning when the produce trucks



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were in. Traffic was bloody awful, especially when the "Beasties" (as the construction employees were referred to) roared through lanes on their way to Edmonton on Friday nights. But it didn't affect the quality of my life. I still went shopping—for escarpments when it was available—and didn't get knocked over the head or raped." Now, although hard statistical data isn't yet available, Mason claims from his 35-year experience that crime in Fort McMurray "is probably normal on a per-capita comparison with other Alberta communities."

If Fort McMurray has difficulty recognizing their recovery when it is paraded before the country by national media, it is probably because they have been able to carve a little social sanity out of the isolation of the Alberta wilderness. They point proudly to a modern, efficient transit system, a 34-screen 300-seat-capacity theatre where a resident theatre company performs works such as *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *West Side Story*, a new 300-bed hospital and even a wine-tasting society. Its newly constructed restaurants, however, are aimed primarily at the profit-making or noncommuting seeking-a-service rarely volunteered even in supposedly sophisticated elsewhere Edmonton.

"Fort McMurray isn't a lot different from Edmonton or Scarborough, Ontario," says Tania Clifford, social worker, former Torontonian and one-year resident of McMurray. "There are still a significant number of people moving in and out but, the longer I live here the less 'strange' the social problems of Fort McMurray appear."

The mean age for Fort McMurray residents in 1990 is 35, four years less than the provincial figure. Only 125 residents officially claim they are "retired." Statistically, 73 per cent of the citizens have lived in Fort McMurray less than five years. "But that's one of the more fascinating aspects of the city," says Mason. "The new people provide us with

fun," says Mason, who keeps a copy of Thomas More's *Utopia* on his desk.... for reference purposes only.

There is still one more threatening worry approaching Fort McMurray and that is the Alameda project, which could attract 8,000-plus construction workers. To know the impact of this next invasion, more studies have been conducted with a view to establishing a separate township, located down in the Alameda plant, some 80 to 90 km north of Fort McMurray. A pleasing prospect? "Of course," says Mason, reminded for the moment that Fort McMurray has almost no neighbors and depends largely on inter-company shuttles for sports entertainment. "It'll give us another hockey team to play against." ☐



Fort McMurray as it was (above left) new restaurant, city hall (below) municipal information center in Fort McMurray.

a definite multicultural city." A 1979 report refers to the city as a "hodge United Nations." It possesses a large francophone population as well as German, Philippine and Ukrainian cultural organizations. Studies show that more than 5,000 people from the Atlantic provinces live there. In business and professional waiting rooms, the most popular magazine is *Atlantic Monthly*. The receptionist at the Suncoast plant wears a T-shirt declaring: I LOVE CANADIAN. Newfoundlander license plates outnumber other out-of-province plates by 2 to 1. One splendid statement on the community's diverse character was the dusty pickup driving down the main drag—Franklin Avenue—sporting Newfoundland license plates and rear-wheel snow flaps that read: ALBERTA. TV—CANADIA IS DELICIOUS.

Whatever sense of isolation and fear in Fort McMurray that may have survived the ragged time of construction has evidently been overcome by a strong sense of community. "I think people look at this economy and say, 'It's got most everything we need now—good schools, health care, recreation facilities'."

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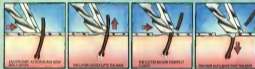
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Follow-up

Held by a 16-year-old warrant

For 15 years, nobody paid much attention to Bonnar in Bonnar. Then his case attracted national publicity when it was featured last December on CTV's now-cancelled *Ombudsman*. Bonnar had been confined to a New Brunswick mental hospital since 1964 when, at age 19, he was involved in an alleged purse-snatching incident. A New Brunswick judge had declared him unfit to stand trial, and he was put away under a lieutenant-governor's warrant, a legal device that critics, including former *Ombudsman* Justice Kathleen Raff (Montreal, March 3,

1990) noted has no set term—and, in Bonnar's case, clearly has confined him much longer than if he'd been tried and sent to jail.

The adverse publicity prompted the New Brunswick government to review Bonnar's case, and last May a new "bonused" warrant was issued, allowing him more freedom and improved care. The patient, according to the review board's recommendations, would undergo an "individualized rehabilitation program" and eventually be allowed "visits home as conditions permit." Since then, however, progress has been slow, and as another serious arrival with Bonnar still spending most of his time in the maximum-security wing of the Restigouche Hospital Centre at Campbellton, N.B., both his mother and the Canadian Association for the Mentally Retarded (CAMR) are angry that he hasn't been transferred to a hospital in Fredericton, where his mother lives. "It's just outrageous that she should have to travel hundreds of miles to visit him," says Gerville Reddick of the CAMR.

Adds Bonnie Bonnar: "They're doing everything to stop me getting my son." According to Gilbert St-Onge, administrator of the Campbellton hospital, Bonnar can't be sent to Fredericton yet because the psychiatric unit at the hospital there is for short-term patients only. He insists, however, that moving him remains the ultimate goal. At present, Bonnar, who is mentally retarded and may have a secondary psychiatric problem which may be due to his lengthy hospitalization, is spending four hours a day in a rehabilitation unit at the Campbellton hospital. St-Onge says this will be increased as the patient adjusts to his new environment. Later will come "outside privileges"—freedom on the hospital grounds and accompanied visits downtown. Finally, Bonnar would be shifted to the Dr. Everett Chalmers Hospital in Fredericton, from where he could have regular visits home. St-Onge says he hopes this can happen within "months" rather than years.

The unexplained—and seemingly indefensible—part of all of this is why it has taken a decade and a half to get to this point, given Bonnar's apparent potential for rehabilitation. The fault appears to be with the lieutenant-governor's warrant which, in effect, left him forgotten, boy and man, for that time. And it makes critics that he is still held under a warrant, albeit a bonused one. Declares CAMR's Reddick: "I just don't think he belongs in the minimal justice system at all." The organization is planning unspecified new moves to try to accelerate his return to a hospital near his home. For the time being, however, Bonnar remains in the institution where he has spent nearly half his life.

David Polder

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Oil is trickier than water

We should not expect a quick settlement on oil prices between Alberta and the federal government because the issue is just too good for the politicians to let it die by default in an agreement (Alberta *Democrat's* Doc Cover, Sept. 15). As long as Lougheed and Tredeau are bargaining, they can pose as heroes to their constituents. They realize that this is a high-profile issue of which the people of Canada are reminded every time they pull up to the gas pump or pay their fuel bill. I think that both Tredeau and Lougheed probably have a pretty good idea of the final price formula is now. They are reluctant to spell a good thing pe-

Edmonton oil refinery burning the Canadian public at both ends

rsuall by announcing it too soon. If they were both really serious about energy conservation, they would be promoting alternate energy resources.

JANIS TUNNEY, Cambridge, ONT

A costly game of chess

Move over Sweeney Todd, demon barber of Fleet Street. Make room for The Inner and Southern, fellow Woodletters whose slippery moves and ruthless deals have hardened the rivalry of newspaper rivalry in Winnipeg and with the slaughter have chopped a piece out of the heart of every Winnipegger (*The Day the News Cracked* Jim, Canada, Sept. 8). Sure, we Winnipeggers are tough. We've survived food and

dread and 40-hour workweeks and Portage and Main and Larry Zoff and Sterling Lyon. We've survived in a Siberian climate and living hundreds of miles from any major centre. But it's going to be tough to survive this blow because when a newspaper dies so does a good dose of freedom, and democracy is needed just a little bit more.

MEERLE OUBREMAN, WINNIPEG

Hardly hysterical

I may not agree with much Marcell Robler has to say about the Canadian film industry, but if your reporter thought she heard me describe Mr. Robler as "hysterical" she is very much mistaken (*Festival of Festivals*, People, Sept. 22). He was much more controlled and polished during our exchange than I was, having carefully allowed myself to work up a small rage at a clique of cinephiles, pseudo-intellectuals in the audience. I'm most anxious for this to be corrected in case Mr. Robler accuses me again with faulty information. I also refute the charge of whining. I am reliably informed that my whining glands were surgically removed with my tonsils at the age of 5.

WILLIAM MARSHALL, FILM COORDINATOR
OF CANADA INC., TORONTO

Dr. Deliverance

I am angered by the flippant and valueless journalism of your article *Dr. David* in a *Just This* (Canada, Aug. 18). Although the reporting in Maclean's is frequently subjective and impertinent, I take particular exception to this article. The title alone advertises that the subject has been judged to be without true merit. Not only does the writer concern himself more with form (Dr. Ross's appearance and manner) than content (the scientific research), but he also expresses himself with such judgmental words as "obnoxious" and "braggadocio." This reader feels completely capable of reaching an intelligent conclusion from the facts without the loaded statements. Writer David Thomas also decides for the reader that Dr. Ross's progress and others like it "can only help a small number of people suffering from infertility." I am a member of that "small group" and for the past 10 years have hoped that medical research—whether its representatives appear dapper or dowdy—will succeed in its efforts of IVF (in vitro fertilization extra-corporate).

JENNIFER HUSTLER, ST. THOMAS, ONT

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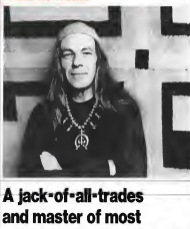
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Profile: Don Francks



A jack-of-all-trades and master of most

By Jim Bearden and
Linda Jean Heller

"Not one in the whole world," said Jackie Gleason years ago, "is like Don Francks." A multi-talented entertainer, Francks is in demand for stronger performances and subliminals from his work. In an industry that usually depends on longevity and contacts to ensure success, Francks is a maverick. He is his own man and does what he wants in when he wants to do it. He may be the only person to ever leave Hollywood while riding a crest of success, today and live as an Indian reservation—which is still his home. But that doesn't sound like a strange move for a man who left school after Grade 9 to become a merchant sailor, a man who spent time floating around the Pacific in a small boat with the Greenpeace organization in an effort to save whales, a man who completed an exhausting shooting schedule in Toronto as a second-year TV series for *CSI:NY* (The *Florence From*) and then immediately travelled to northern BC in an attempt to save the region's grizzly bear trophy hunters in response to angry criticism.

Francks' diverse talents, abilities, values

that he should spend more time pursuing his entertainment industry career, Francks merely shrugs. "I keep living my life. You know?"

A visit to Francks and his family—wife Lili, 11-year-old daughter Owe Summer and infant son Rianow Shon—in their Toronto studio, affords a glimpse into the man's character. The family has woven a very workable and pleasant space from what was once an abandoned and very run-down storefront tucked onto the front of a parking garage on a small street in Toronto's core. The place is dotted with hand-woven Indian rugs on the wall, a wide assortment of musical instruments, Lili's black doll collection and a bejeweled baby grand piano. An array for beautiful, instantly twinning Australian Gaelic produces "jam" that Francks listens to for hours (He is heralded in the musical community as an outstanding pianist, and he is acknowledged as one of the few who will actually impress in concert.)

The whole place cries out at every glance the monumental amount of work

the Francks put into it. Floors stripped and refinished, walls knocked out and moved, walls painted after removing layers and layers of wallpaper, the basement studio dug out by hand—all this effort in a rented facility.

The Francks' other home is a log house on Saskatchewan's Red Pheasant Indian Reserve, where there is no electricity, no running water and no bathroom facilities. Francks translated the building with a traditional mud treatment—handfuls of dirt, pebble grass and willow water thrown against the walls inside and out. Francks reports that the house is good down to -40° "without having the fire going all night."

How is it that this "three-suits—gone again" man can come back to the entertainment industry and find work whenever he seems to want it? He's a star.

He's a good actor," says Lawrence Mark, producer of the recent *The Phoenix Town*. "When the camera is running he's phenomenal. If the size of the lens is changed, he knows precisely how to change the size of his behavior."

Well, there is that. He is good at his work. But Francks brings more to his acting than just craft. There are glimpses of the man himself through his characterizations, which make his work interesting and absorbing. Francks is a complex man emotionally, a nervous, empathic man whose public self rears from sunny and talkative to reserved and contained. In conversation—Francks loves to talk—poetic imagery and song come as freely to his lips as four-letter words and withering, biting satire. His face has a lived-in look. He has living in a characterisation all the complexity and awareness that his varied lifestyle has given him.

He has undertaken to direct and to act in everything from reuniting Shakespeare, to satire, writing, singing, acting, caring, soaps—in short, he has tried his hand at just about every form of artistic expression imaginable. He has also been a handy worker, designer and maker of his own clothes, motorcycle enthusiast, transporter, musician, handyman, hair stylist and body-builder on the Indian reserve. Anything he tries, he does at full force. Of his ACTRA Award-winning performance in *Dying Up the Street*, a hard-hitting CBC drama about drug dealing and child prostitution, Toronto critic Rob Blackwell says, "He did a fantastic job." But he adds, "There are depths in Francks that weren't even touched by that character."

At the ACTRA Awards ceremony, Francks' accolades sidetracked itself in a way that Ron Baraka, Toronto's critic, called "one of the great speeches awards show performances." In his acceptance speech for the Nellie, Francks



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asked, "When are we going to stop recording a man's belly and start making films about how to survive on this planet?" There was an uncomfortable stir from his peers, gathered there to pay tribute to him and the other winners of the Canadian industry's highest accolades. The Vancouver Star called the incident "embarrassing." Francis insists, however, that he is not controversial. "Not at all, except for the show-minded people who consider me as because I'm open-minded."

He is an ardent, outspoken advocate of an ecologically sound lifestyle. He might possibly be considered a modern-day Don Quixote, and refer to himself as a dreamer. But he insists that it is through the sharing of man's collective dreams that survival on this planet can be assured. It's little surprise then that Francis has enjoyed being host/narrator for the past two years on CBC-TV's ecology-oriented *The Last Series*.

Francis was unusual right from the beginning. A child of the Depression, Francis says that he has never known his real mother and father. He was adopted around age 6 by a woman who then married a man who built the family's career in British Columbia. Perhaps this experience gave rise to Francis's admiration for people who work with their hands to create a living environment. His adoptive parents gave the young Francis "a lot of freedom and love," in his words. He learned about B.C. hiking and camping, on his own and with friends, living off the land.

His lifelong fascination with the Indians, people led to his second adoption. As a grown man he was adopted by a Plains Cree tribe and named Iron Buffalo. At the same time he was married in an Indian ceremony, his bride, Lili, was named Red Eagle. He and Lili, an actress/dancer from Texas who is part Indian, have spent various periods living on the reservation.

Despite his intermittent pursuance of a show business career, Francis has amassed an impressive list of international credits. He has appeared as over a dozen feature films, including *Francis' Romance* with Fred Astaire. He has starred in Broadway. He has starred in numerous television series, including *Jewels* in the U.S., and has been featured in eight others. He has sung in him and recorded albums. He has been a stand-up comic along the lines of Leroy Brown. And the list goes on. Perhaps it's young Tim Francis who the children of his neighborhood skipping rope and chanting the old rhyme: *Twink, twinkle, author, author, / And man poor man began meek, / Doctor, lawyer, fashion chief, / And decided to try their all for me.* >

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To secure better jobs, Canadian governments, along with the forest industry, are increasingly aware of the need for reforestation for future supplies. One Canadian job in ten depends on our forests.

and lower work costs). Thanks to healthier profits, the Canadian pulp and paper industry is able to meet the competition by spending vast sums on new and improved mills and equipment. In 1979, more than one billion dollars was invested to increase efficiency, control energy use and improve the environmental impact of its operations. From coast to coast, companies have announced plans to invest billions more over the next five years to help improve productivity, assure jobs, keep Canada competitive.

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Profit invested in modernizing and expanding will help Canada compete in the tough international market.

For our in-depth publication "Growth", write Dept. M2, Communications Services, Canadian Pulp and Paper Association, 2300 Sun Life Building, Montreal, Quebec H3B 2X9.

The Pulp and Paper Industry of Canada

Ontario Scene

Time capsules beneath the Great Lakes

By Shorn McKay

The demise of the Ganika in the summer of 1911 was an ignoble affair. The stately luxury yacht owned by William Harkness of New York state, heir to the Standard Oil fortune, was sailing a leisurely cruise along the northern shores of Lake Superior, ignoring the advice of his captain. Harkness refused to pay a local pilot a paltry sum to steer his ship through the



The Ganika: nobody closed the channels.

unmarked waters. An explosion blew the yacht apart, the Ganika struck and foundered on the McGowan Shoal, a peak of granite that rises 60 metres from Superior's bottom near the town of Rouses Point. Although listing at an angle that gave the impression of forever meeting an imaginary wave, the stately wood-hulled ship remained afloat. Harkness, more piqued than injured, left with his party of guests and took the train home.

Assuming that same summer to supervise the salvage attempt, the Ganika's owner once more achieved the advice of local business. The result was pure fiasco. With a last mighty heave, the single tugboat Harkness allowed for the operation managed to shift the weight of the great ship. Suddenly, the Ganika took a heavy list to starboard and, to the amazement of the local townsfolk who had turned out as they waited for a fair, the yacht began to take in water through its lower portholes, which no one had thought to close. This was added another contribution to the



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browse the ships in Hamilton's Confederation Park. The estimated \$1-million cost does nothing to dampen Nelson's sense of purpose: "There is a fabulous amount of knowledge contained in these two ships. They should be made available to everyone," he explains. "And to leave the ships where they are presents a problem in security. As technology advances and divers are able to have access to the deep waters, the ships would definitely be destroyed."

Nelson's fears for the safety of the Huronians and Scourge are not without foundation. Many of the Great Lakes' shipwrecks lying in shallower waters have already been picked clean by souvenir and treasure hunters. In an effort to make sport divers aware of the valuable historical assets of Ontario's underwater resources, a small group



John Michael Chubbuck/Getty Images News

colled by Ontario Marine Heritage Councils began documenting a virgin wreck discovered off Hage Island in Georgian Bay in 1990. Each summer they returned to photograph the unidentified 19th-century sailing ship, they discovered more of the ship was missing—presumably plundered by people who are a certain distance from being a brain porchid deployed above the mastpiece. Barnes McConnell, a chairman of the committee, recognizes the difficulty in educating the area waterfront community about the wreck, "when he finds something valuable that if he doesn't take it, another diver will."

For McEwen and many other divers who prize the beauty of a Guelph-area Hamilton, or Georgian Bay's lake waters, the depletion of a wreck equals the destruction of an experience that cannot be duplicated. Says McEwen: "When I first saw a wreck underwater, time immediately ceased. There is a mystery and a uniqueness to the moment. There is an element of history that is inescapable when you consider that people once walked the decks of these ships, that they lost their lives. You know that you are seeing something that most people will never see. It is a totally moving experience." ☐

Canada

LOSING TO THE YANKS

Fish, cars, trade, dams . . . why can't Canada win?

By Robert Lewis



A distinguished diplomat, Peter Weiss, once described the credentials for the perfect fellow Canadian envoy: "a name, even a photograph, a distinguished record, even a school record—but he would have to be corrupt, envious and to one would never notice that he was not there." The official voices at External Affairs still are disembodied on request—but they are there, and, these days, they well with real anger. Surprisingly, the target of their hostility is Canada's anglophone friends in the "free world," the United States of America. And though they disagree about the reasons, people on both sides informally acknowledge that, after a sustained period of "as operational" relations have plummeted to a low point last year, Canadian Ambassador Peter Evans went public with the matter last week when he warned the Women's National Democratic Club in Washington: "The present state, perhaps imperceptible, begins to swing in the same direction."

Nothing to do with Hume, mind you. American negotiators actually complain that their Canadian counterparts are too happy to hold in the wings the most powerful bilateral relations (see box p. 28). For their part, key Canadians see the old Canada on a scorecard of old issues (see chart). For \$5 million settlers crossing the peaceful border each year, for the immediate past, the generous tax breaks on new money made the investment of \$50 billion, it is business as usual between best customers. But from the vantage point of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and his government, Uncle Sam is looking tall and tough. Concession has become a one-way affair of

Canada moves to expedite exports of Alberta gas to U.S. markets, yet an 18-month-old failing treaty painstakingly negotiated between the two countries.

Successful in the Atlantic provinces, languages in the American Strait of Canada, ventures \$4 billion for troubled U.S. fighter jets, yet protectionist sentiments rise from Congress to threaten imports from Canada. Another irritant emerged last week, two days after Ambassador Tweed pointedly noted that he had looked in vain for "a useful mes-

Canadian cold front before it turns into a Mexican-style summer."

The Montreal Observer columnist observes "Negotiating with the Americans is not an unadmitted pleasure. They are very tough and heavy—and they make you swallow it." The Observer columnist continues, "I would love to squander them so hard they would scream 'Wah!' But I can't find any volunteers in government." The reason is that the United States is not a friend in Ottawa's confidence—despite the common-sense rationalization that Canada has no bargaining power. External Affairs Minister Mark MacGuiness suggested last June in a *Times* interview that Canada is "likely to be linkage"—a neutralization on other fronts—because of the US Senate's failure to ratify the free trade. External debated the possibility of nationalizing the banks of Quebec before experts to northeast states, but abandoned the thought when it realized that the Parti Québécois government would never co-operate. Simultaneously, the

tion of Canada' in the Democratic platform." President Jimmy Carter announced a revitalization program to boost underbilled American stockholders—underbilled enough given 10 per cent unemployment in the U.S. in Quebec, but still a policy that his diversity at Canadian sites. If there is any doubt that Carter weighed the impact as Canadian lightly, his remarks at the official opening of a New Jersey steel plant last month are instructive. The president boasted that the mill would "inspire

As a paper was abandoned because of Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed's anticipated bail. Such chronic federal provincial bickering on the Canadian side has been a major factor in the negotiations with the Americans. After a long, tough federal-provincial argument, it is the matter of a Canada-U.S. mission to the northern pipeline treaty. In 1975, a U.S. diplomat observed, "You guys are making it difficult for us to give you anything." The larger problem is lack of leverage. "Lacking money," observes a MacGinnon adviser, "somewhere that we have a C to follow it, and an E to follow it. But since you are so E, we have rather



Trade is still Carter's no-war gateway into a squaring world of

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Towne, Mulroney and Curran, Mulroney says votes in Canada for U.S. legislators

left)—except to get cluttered. As U.S. Ambassador Kenneth Curtis put it, gruffly, in an interview with *Maclean's*: "Lacking of major issues would cause no problem there it could solve. It would be disastrous, and not in the interests of either country, to get into some kind of contest exposing one another."

Hence, Trudeau is left with his famous but monochromatic ideological analogy, that dealing with the Americans is like "sleeping with an elephant." One is affected by every taster and grunt. The stark reality is that blind admiration of "American" and "imperialism" barely conceal an anguished new development in Canada-U.S. affairs: the White House in the post-Vietnam, post-Vietnam era no longer delivers Congress, especially not a president with such inept H-I relations as Carter has Congress, accordingly, steps into the vacuum and, increasingly, Canada-U.S. matters are decided around

the parish pump, not the conference table. And for U.S. legislators, especially on election season, there are no votes in Canada.

A classic example is what happened after the two nations signed the Atlantic Fisheries and Boundary Agreements on Feb. 14, 1979. The deal, two years in the making, commits both sides to "third-party resolutions" of boundary lines in the Gulf of Maine, between Cape Cod and Nova Scotia, which conflict because of the 200-mile limits set by both countries in 1977. It also sets out quotas in the disputed Georges Bank fishing area, that would be reduced every 10 years by a joint board. Senate debate of the NAFTA arm treaty, purveyor of the Panama Canal port and other pressing matters, relegated fish to a one-day hearing last May. Meanwhile, U.S. fishing men forced a strong Washington lobby, which bent the ears of Rhode Island Senator Claiborne Pell and moved Man-

chester's Ted Kennedy off the fence into opposition. By tradition, senators from areas not affected deferred to those with direct constituencies in return for future consideration. Kennedy moved to limit the treaty to three years and reduce Canada's rise in joint management of fish quotas. Secretary of State Edmund Muskie failed in an eleven-hour attempt before adjournment last week to soften Kennedy's stance. Now the treaty is dead, if not for good, at least until after the presidential inauguration in January.

American interest that Canada was active in undermining the Senate-constitutional right to withhold advice and consent on treaties "It's two different systems," Curtis observes. "The Canadian government knew that this is one of the weaknesses of our system when it comes to entering into an agreement with another country." For Canadians, as *News* points out, "It is particularly galling to have to negotiate such treaty terms—one with the upper and representative and again in Congress." But what really pains, as a government official scoffs, is that "Americans are brought up with the total conviction that the Constitution comes right after the Ten Commandments. They pledge their good name, now they've come back and said, 'That was last week, pal. Don't you know the president's signature runs nothing'."

Divergent approaches to fish illustrate a gulf that is wider than any at sea. Edmund's MacGowan labels the treaty "the most serious bilateral issue we have with any country." Rhode Island's Pell dismisses it as "a regional

fishermen problem." In fact, the dispute is only part of the larger, unresolved matter of boundary disputes off the West Coast and in the Beaufort Sea. For many Americans, it's so if the border doesn't exist at all.

A firm line is drawn, however, when it comes to trade among friends. Although 90 per cent of Canada's exports to the U.S. are duty free under the latest CARRAGUAGU, hidden non-tariff barriers on both sides maintain national preferences. Since 1933, the U.S. offers Americans not less favored the government's domestic suppliers to none in shows both from foreign firms. At least 35 states offer similar preferences. The Surface Transportation Assistance Act of 1978 in particularly damaging to Canadian construction and transport firms. It provides a 16-per-cent preference on some \$50 billion worth of highway and transit programs, if the content is 50-per-cent American and the assembly is done in the U.S. As a result, Bombardier Ltd. of Montreal is now considering sites in four northern states for a plant to build rail cars for



Pre-built water under construction. Ford's Whitehouse assembly line, U.S. built under steel-welded opportunities.

New Jersey Transit—a move that not only enables the firm to qualify for preference, but also to create 300 jobs in the Staten Island of Canada.

Canadian provinces have erected unofficial barriers to foreign contractors with an untold 30-per-cent preference, in any bidding about the tabulations to movement of goods within the country. But there is no federal Bay Canadian law. And in Canadian eyes, the 317-page U.S. trade act (1974) is another centimeter and Section 306 mandates the president to see if foreign laws are



The gloomy view from Capitol Hill

Conservative Americans often feel that Canadians enter negotiations with a chip on their shoulder. —Canadian complaint that the U.S. is more demanding of Canada than it is of Europe or Japan. That plaintive note is not very attractive. —Canada must decide what it wants—and soon. —Canada must get along together.

These anti-trip remarks come from the ranks of those more Americans—some in government, some in business—who know the nation to the north as more than the home of Guy Lalumière. Their skills and experience have been developed at bargaining tables around the world, and their understanding is frayed these days by a peculiar sadness. Beyond the easy rhetoric of regret that recent Canada-U.S. relations have not been better managed, less knowledge of a distinctly bleaker sort—that Canada's economic health is more

grim than Canadians are prepared to admit.

The specifics are almost painful. Consider the auto industry, businessmen dying in its own exhaust. Before this decade is out, many American analysts believe, the Ford operation will be marginal and Chrysler will belong to the history books. Their satellite companies in Windsor and Oshawa will be quaint museums. GM—the only American manufacturer positioned to survive—will flee to Mexico, where labor is

Malcolm, U.S. Congress. This observer



cheaper and less hostile.

Or consider steel. Under one president or another, the United States is soon going to become serious about reindustrialization—that polytechnic euphemism for modernizing the nation's ancient plant and equipment. To regain a competitive edge, elaborate protective barriers will have to be erected. How will this impact on Canadian steel?

This is ominous handwriting. What puzzles knowledgeable Americans is why Canada has failed to react. "You can't plan for the '80s by studying the past," says Harold Malgreen, a Washington-based consultant and former deputy of the U.S. special trade representative's office. "There's no thinking being done up there on industrial policy, on how to restructure the economy for the '80s."

Malgreen's message is brutally simple: the rules of international trade are changing swiftly and competition is growing more vicious. Unless Canada can plot and implement a realistic

strategy, it will be a victim of being left behind. The word Malgreen—and others—used is "doomed."

American officials are mystified, therefore, by what they perceive as a mood of Canadian "stupor" or "brutalism" in bilateral discussions. When Canada's critical need is for new capital formation to exploit the vast potential of its mineral and energy resources, the dream roll out of Ottawa is beating defensively about tighter guidelines for foreign investment, apparently designed to discourage the most vibrant sector.

Canada's obsession to be seen to have equaled or beaten the Americans, as one learned student of the game put it, does nothing to improve the diplomatic climate. The urgent question, U.S. observers say, is not how many realigns Nova Scotia fishermen should be allowed to draw from American waters. Rather, it is how Canada can reduce its dependence on America's economic health and

broaden its export markets. Americans see successive Canadian governments wasting precious opportunities. The sorry record of the nation's labor relations has apparently discouraged Japanese investment. And the diplomats during of Canada's overture to China has never yielded significant trade dividends. "The Chinese were supposed to have played that ship," says Malgreen. Symptomatically, even Canadian entrepreneurs are finding their dollars slumbering.

It is early to prepare for the federal. As the world's economy emerges from the present trough, multinational treaties—not only Americans, but Germans, Belgians, Dutch, the very diversity Canada needs—will be looking to exploit Canadian resources. The groundwork for such investments must be constructed soon. U.S. officials say, or Canada will have squandered another opportunity. And that, they sincerely believe, would be a national tragedy. Michael Foster



despite "significant, unresolvable" disagreements" in terms of arms reduction. Congress forced the 306 provision onto the books because it felt the White House wasn't tough enough during the Tokyo Round trade negotiations in 1979-81. The provision is used primarily at dispute resolution and trade product imports and dumping. But as Rodney Gray, Canada's frontier trade negotiator, observes: "These United States reactions often bear on Canada more vigorously than they do on others." In

less granted priority, a Canadian diplomat answers: "We're the ones that get screwed every time."

Nat says December, 1975, have such harsh words been said. Then it was the Americans who were misled, and dominating U.S. Ambassador William Porter warned a defeated group of Ottawa reporters that Americans were beginning to think of Canada as "no longer a friendly ally, or even a friendly country that could be trusted."

Cycled up and down have been a

friction of Canada-U.S. relations since the late war. Mackenzie King's close ties with the Rockefeller and C.D. Howe's embrace of U.S. investors launched Canada as the road to economic prosperity—and branch plants in later years. John Kennedy fell in love with John Deere tractors over Cuba and nuclear arms, but the U.S. president took a different view of Lester Pearson after the first meeting. Kennedy told a Pearson aide "Bill did it. Pearson and Lyndon Johnson bit it off at the late

as a model of industrial rationalization. For having maintained the wholesale take-over of the three-stranded Canadian car industry 15 years ago, Ottawa now is helpless as the fate of Canadian exports is decided in Washington and Detroit. It results in empty granaries about an old deal.

Industry, Trade and Commerce Minister Herb Gray has been attempting to change Victorian attitudes with sweeping proposals for a Canadian industrial strategy and laws to beef up

investment speeches by Trudeau "seemed to have a major impact during the very crucial last days of the 1980 campaign. There is a commitment, or an expectation, on the part of the public. These people very quickly," he adds. "The public is often found to have larger memories than some around here are willing to recognize."

Meanwhile, there is a continuation of foreign control of the Canadian economy—74 percent of petroleum in 1977, 54 percent of manufacturing and 51 per-



Herb Gray. But public has a long memory

cent, apart from cars and parts, were computers, aircraft, telecommunications equipment and mining machinery. Many experts say Canada should be helping "winners" to build what Canada does best: that multinationals head here, tend, of course, to disengage. Another proposition is that Ottawa insist on majority in Canadian spin-offs from the \$200 million expected to be invested in energy projects over the next decade.

◆ **Pressures.** York University economist Fred Lester says the time has come for Canada to have its own industrial trade club—something that mirrors section 306 of the U.S. trade act. Says Lester, who helped the Liberals draft their campaign pledges on economic control: "We could say, okay, they are restricting our steel exports, let's threaten to undertake retaliatory measures."

Any of these measures would first require recovery from the condition Lester Pearson once called "a kind of national schizophrenia"—a denial for paranoiac material benefits and political/cultural independence. Robert Thompson, the former Socon leader in Ottawa, suffered no such anguish back in the '60s. "The Americans," he proclaims, "are our best friends, whether we like it or not. Today, many Canadians wonder about friends like that."

◆ **An industrial strategy.** Canada is a heavy importer of goods that, arguably, could be best produced at home. Among the top 20 imports from the U.S. last

PHOTOGRAPH BY

The Top Ten Canadian Concerns

ACTUAL RISK: A dozen of 30 items against a backdrop of rising trade wars. 1. **Trade wars.** 2. **Trade wars.** 3. **Trade wars.** 4. **Trade wars.** 5. **Trade wars.** 6. **Trade wars.** 7. **Trade wars.** 8. **Trade wars.** 9. **Trade wars.** 10. **Trade wars.**

AMERICA: The 1980s have suddenly seen the rise of a new kind of trade war. 1. **Trade wars.** 2. **Trade wars.** 3. **Trade wars.** 4. **Trade wars.** 5. **Trade wars.** 6. **Trade wars.** 7. **Trade wars.** 8. **Trade wars.** 9. **Trade wars.** 10. **Trade wars.**

KEY AMERICAN: At least 100 million U.S. dollars in trade wars. 1. **Trade wars.** 2. **Trade wars.** 3. **Trade wars.** 4. **Trade wars.** 5. **Trade wars.** 6. **Trade wars.** 7. **Trade wars.** 8. **Trade wars.** 9. **Trade wars.** 10. **Trade wars.**

BROADCASTING: From 1970 to 1975, 100 million U.S. dollars in trade wars. 1. **Trade wars.** 2. **Trade wars.** 3. **Trade wars.** 4. **Trade wars.** 5. **Trade wars.** 6. **Trade wars.** 7. **Trade wars.** 8. **Trade wars.** 9. **Trade wars.** 10. **Trade wars.**

TAXES: Canada's tax system is the most onerous in the world. 1. **Trade wars.** 2. **Trade wars.** 3. **Trade wars.** 4. **Trade wars.** 5. **Trade wars.** 6. **Trade wars.** 7. **Trade wars.** 8. **Trade wars.** 9. **Trade wars.** 10. **Trade wars.**

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Gray "we're the ones that get screwed"

enough, as the president asked. Pearson's advice on secret foreign policy papers awaiting decisions. But Pearson went on to criticize U.S. involvement in Vietnam—and the child entered to the Nixon years. The Watergate tapes revealed the president discussing Trudeau as an "unstable," and the settlement was postponed. When Washington reintroduced positive trade restrictions. After Jerry Ford arrived in the Oval Office, there was a positive turn—especially after Washington learned of the industrial network to include Trudeau as the seventh man at economic summits. Trudeau and Carter have continued good personal dealings through this and that.

Often, of course, Canadian negotiators have no one to blame but themselves—or their predecessors. In the last election, Trudeau denounced the lack of commitment to research and development spending in Canada by U.S. automakers as "a disgrace." 140 million here, vs. 550 million there! He also said Canada would move to recover the \$1-billion Canadian deficit in 1979 under the 1964 agreement, cited recently by imported parts. But what did Pearson's Liberal government, including Prime Trudeau's, do before? In the salad days of U.S. deficits, they transacted the part



Pearson, Johnson and even Nixon. In 1968, still allied with Vietnam

the foreign investment regime in Canada. Trudeau advanced the package last February in a Toronto election speech, and reiterated the government's intent in the throne speech last April. While Gray says the proposals are still in the works, all signs point to yet another Liberal retreat from election pledges on control of the economy. The cabinet, for example, has rejected Gray's bid for \$2.50 billion over four years to place key Canadian industries, including aerospace and electronics, as a more sensitive finding. Gray has gone back to the drawing boards, determined to base at least a "framework document" by year's end. Plans to allow the Foreign Investment Review Agency (FIRA) to review the performance of multinational corporations in Canada and to encourage Canadian take-overs of companies before they are acquired by foreigners have now been put off until next year, with priority going to the construction, the budget and energy. One key opponent, Mackenzie's law, is now in the Treasury Board President's Donald Johnston, who created a letter among ministers annulling the foreign-ownership proposals. A big fire, not accepted, is adverse reaction from the U.S. While patriation of crown assets is used as the oil and gas industry are expected in this month's budget, after largely foreign-dominated sectors will not be touched for now, if at all. Gray pointedly notes in an interview that the industrial-strategy and foreign-invest-



ment of money U.S. direct investment, close last year was \$40 billion vs. \$20 billion in 1968. Multinationals, most of these U.S. based, account for 40 per cent of Canadian exports. In an economy with a 1,000 branch plants, Canadian subsidiaries mostly are limited to the small domestic market—which restricts sales, drives up unit costs and inhibits research as new products for sale in the world.

William Armstrong, a former U.S. diplomat in Ottawa, once noted that Canadians "can have almost any kind of relationship they want, from hostility to friendship" with Americans "because, basically, they have no hard feelings about Canada." While no one expects that Canada should seek out punishment, there is a sense that Ottawa should be more demanding. MacGillivray, for example, recently suggested that the U.S. owes a debt for the Ken Taylor embassy episode, which freed Americans from Iran. Some other proposals:

◆ **A new "third option."** The original Trudeau policy of seeking closer ties with Europe, the Far East and Latin America to offset U.S. domination was torpedoed, largely by objectives from the finance department in Ottawa and refusal from Washington. Harold Mulholland, a respected Washington economist and former U.S. trade negotiator, is among those who suggest that Canada return to that course.

◆ **An industrial strategy.** Canada is a heavy importer of goods that, arguably, could be best produced at home. Among the top 20 imports from the U.S. last

year, apart from cars and parts, were computers, aircraft, telecommunications equipment and mining machinery. Many experts say Canada should be helping "winners" to build what Canada does best: that multinationals head here, tend, of course, to disengage. Another proposition is that Ottawa insist on majority in Canadian spin-offs from the \$200 million expected to be invested in energy projects over the next decade.

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tion, the committee report will likely be passed by Parliament early next year. It will then be addressed to London (see story on page 62) regardless of a Supreme Court battle, according to a leaked government planning memo. The senior Trudeau advisers feel comfortable that Britain would have to act to meet a joint resolution of the Canadian Parliament, despite complaints from the premiers. If the British failed, and one over-enthusiastic member of the Trudeau cabinet lost work, "We'd declare our independence over faster than they did in Simsbury." ♦

The 'meek' may inherit the earth

Whatever the outcome of negotiations this week between the government and its striking clerks, for thousands of women who walked the picket lines—and thousands of others who stayed home—life will never be quite the same. Seventy per cent of the clerks are women, most are young and many are single parents earning an average \$12,800 a year. Nothing in their life or their experience has encouraged them to assert themselves and, for most, the strike is their first taste of collective action. Says 36-year-old Gailene Goss, a mid-level clerk from Ottawa, "I've never been involved in a strike before, in fact I heard our union was dying. But how can they say that? A group this large isn't going to be intimidated."

In many ways it has been a classic confrontation between Norma Rae and Elvira Berooz, with the Rouge role falling to the affable Dan Johnston, president of the treasury board. For Johnston—a law lawyer from Montreal involved in his first-union union negotiations—the experience has been surreal too. "I'm not anti-man," he says, and reminds us on the facts that he represents the peak Montreal riding of Saint-John's-Westmount, was Pierre Trudeau's personal lawyer and is considered one of cabinet's social conservatives. Based on a small farm outside Ottawa, Johnston says he has worked as a laborer and a truck-packer—that he has known hardship. But while his sympathies to some extent with the clerks, his paramount belief is in the individual's ability to transcend adversity. He'd better be right, as an underdog aspirant for the Liberal leadership, he has known hardship. But while his sympathies to some extent with the clerks, his paramount belief is in the individual's ability to transcend adversity. He'd better be right, as an underdog aspirant for the Liberal leadership, he has known hardship.

Last week another union leader entered the drama in the person of Dennis McDermott, the smooth-talking Quebec Labour Congress. McDermott—



Stewart Dool, and clerks tying up Ottawa. Norma Rae versus Elvira Berooz



Johnston, and Quebec City strike leader Roland Beland vs. cops. He has known hardship

who volunteered his services as a peace-maker—planned to elude himself in negotiations with Johnston early this week.

The clerks are in the unfortunate position of being the hardfought open which a classic encounter was being fought. Johnston and his right-wing cohorts is almost as convinced that bending to the clerks' demands—particularly for a COLA (cost-of-living allowance) clause—would open the flood-

gates. Berooz was well channeling for what the parties already have and for what the clerks want. The union, meanwhile, the Public Service Alliance of Canada (PSAC) and its leader Andy Stewart, ought of paid earlier in negotiations by the surprising reality of the normally meek clerks are at pains to reassure their members. That led to emitting threats late last week of a mass walkout of 100,000 other unionized government workers—and

scattered action by postal workers and others behind this week.

Meanwhile, the public is facing increasing frustration—everything from delays in getting a passport, to hold-ups in customs clearance, to threatened disruptions in mail and air service. Generally, strikers rather than the bosses bear the brunt of public disapproval. Johnston was again opinion is against the clerks—against public servants generally—and while he admits that might be unfair, it can only strengthen the government's hand.

Besides that, not all clerks are Norma Rae. A widow—an estimated \$200,000 of \$40,000—crossed picket lines last week. Others would like to accept the government's latest offer—a two-year contract with an entering \$15,000 lump-sum bonus. That's the bigger the strike on the more desperate her members will become—financially and emotionally. "They could starve us out," she is contemptuous of the \$15,000 offer. "They think, well, we're dealing with poor people, well after them a big bonus before Christmas, they're in a kitchen—they're going to jump at it!"

Nancy Riley

Vancouver

Next week: who gets J.D.'s dough?

The scandal tale unfolding in Vancouver's east neighbourhood has been a clash of Dollars with interest from Pacific in Nevada. What scribbles could best a cast of characters that includes a poor little rich boy who dies on the road to repentance, a selective older woman who wends a share of the family loot, a father and mother who have spent nearly half the fortune left them by a partner who established a chain of successful department stores across the West, and two jet-setting men, one of whom appeared in October's Playboy—all have been fairly decent, as before a clothing merchant passed? This real-life spectacle centred on the estate (estimated by one insider at \$10 million) of deceased Army and Navy Department Staffs Jeff Jeffrey David Cohen, whose drug-starved body was found April 27, 1978, in a room in a glitzy downtown hotel. Cohen's death at 36, resulted from a horrendous combination of drugs and booze—so what, palming off two bottles of champagne as well as other drinks, snuffing cocaine (opium, ironically, onto a one-dollar bill) and also taking morphine.

The court test comes not because Cohen failed to attend to his affairs in fact he left three wills, one made in

1976, a second in December, 1974, and the final in January, 1975. But Attorney-General Kronman, a slow, high-backed, bearded woman, the 31st wife to have been Cohen's common-law spouse, says the last two are invalid because the mind of her former lover was completely befuddled by cocaine and booze addictions. Although she is not mentioned in any of the wills, she wants a piece of the action. The two wills she has challenged left Cohen's entire estate to his sisters, Jacqueline and Karen, with provisions made for his parents. The Cohen family admits to Jeffrey's problems in handling drugs, but insists he was capable of making his

Kronman: three wills, two bottles of fate



will. Despite his problems, Cohen had a way of endearing himself. "He was a bright, personable guy," says Thomas McCann, an Edmonton lawyer who dealt with the Cohen family business over the years. "He fitted in even with squares like myself." Although Cohen lived his life, he was up to his parents' deteriorating financial state due to their extravagance, which left them with substantially less than the \$1.5 million they had inherited. Indeed, the family having Cohen's request to eliminate from his will the traditional words, "in the manner to which they have been accustomed," as evidence that he was his own man. Second, judgment despite his addictions. Cohen is portrayed as a dutiful son trying to get over his drug problems, who seemed to keep his family in comfort. The night before his death, Cohen had dined with his family and their faithfuls, including his mother and they talked largely about business and the future. A friend says he was told that Jeffrey had not been that alert in years, and recalled that Cohen had written a recent poem to his parents thanking them and asking forgiveness for the great trouble he had caused.

But addition is hard to beat, and doctors at the trial suggested that Cohen may have tried to abuse the methadone program. "When you are dealing with people who are addicted, you expect some 'stuttering' during the course of the treatment," said Allan Cohen, a psychiatric expert testifying on behalf of the family. But Cohen, the mothering once too often.

He Parsons

Cohen, brother of Army and Navy, as having the most promise to take over the business but, although he was a responsible voice on the street, he had found business life boring. Many exciting was a lifestyle that led to his being found guilty on charges for possession of heroin and coke. He was once fined \$15,000 on a basketful of traffic charges and once arrested for breaking into a window of a downtown office. At the time he was on \$20,000 bail, awaiting trial on a charge of cocaine trafficking. Once he and a friend, who was driving his Ferrari, led police on a merry 120-km/h chase through downtown Vancouver until they left a squad car, causing \$8,000 damage. He lost a \$28,000 boat as well as Jensen and Lauebergh cars in gambling debts, and although he had an annual income of \$100,000-plus, he had to borrow from friends, including Kronman, to pay his expenses. His action provoked heavy columnist Doug Collins to note succinctly how difficult it was to be rich. Finally, in September, 1977, a self-admitted addict, Cohen had himself admitted to a Pasadena, Calif., hospital and went on a withdrawal program, using the heroin-substitute, methadone.

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He Parsons

Why shoot the teacher

It was back-to-school time in Calgary last week, four weeks later than the rest of the country—and about four times more chaotic. For as 85,000 public-school students returned to their classrooms, about kindergarten to Grade 12, it was both the last day and the first day. The city's 4,000 full- and part-time teachers walked off the job May 21, leaving stu-



dents in the dark about whether they had passed or failed. So the first order of business when the teachers were finally ordered back to work was to return students to the desks they left last spring and sort out this year's grades. The grading, time-taking and musing of textbooks for the new school year took up the entire week. But at least things were under way again and students, bored by their extended holiday, seemed pleased to be back. Teachers were more ambivalent. Some regretted and resented their failure to obtain better working conditions, others were merely relieved to have the income broken.

The Calgary strike fell short of a Canadian record,* but the 120-day walkout—42 classroom days—was the longest in Alberta's history, beating the previous record set in the fall of 1982 when about 90 Vancouver teachers remained out of the classroom for 33 school days. The province moved in and forced this settlement by invoking an emergency section of the Labour Act after the teachers had rejected other proposals in six separate votes, each by only seven votes. The main issue, for teachers, was their demand for more preparatory time, and that remains unresolved. Negotiations are back on ice and, as a source isn't found by Feb. 31, Labour

Minister Les Young says he will support an arbitration board to come up with a binding decision by March 31. In all other respects, the Calgary Board of Education and the Alberta Teachers' Association accepted the terms of an Aug. 7 proposal giving teachers a 10.5-per-cent pay increase retroactive to Jan. 1 and another 10.5-per-cent hike in 1991. Teachers' salaries now range from \$15,000 to \$33,000, and will rise from \$26,640 to \$30,898 in 1991.

A majority of parents resisted also from the teacher-student board struggle. The coalition was the Bank to School Action Committee formed in July to get the schools open. Starting with 12 parents, the group grew to 500, collected 16,000 signa-

tures started on badly, and counted on picking up marks for university entrance in their final exams, were left with lower averages than they hoped for. Others who had planned to pick up necessary college entrance courses at summer school found themselves struggling with coursework done earlier. With time on their hands, some got into trouble. And when school doors failed to open in September, there was a 30-per-cent increase in juvenile offences, such as breaking and entering, over the previous year. Some parents ended their youngsters' stay in boarding schools and others, who own cottages in B.C. and could therefore claim residency, enrolled their kids in that province. School athletes face curtailed sports schedules—scarcely half the usual number of football games will see action this season.

Children with learning disabilities suffered a double handicap thanks to the strike. Chae Lang, whose 11-year-old boy has a learning disability, says that such children need an unwavering, repetitive routine in order to learn. If the pattern is broken, the child regresses. Lang says it happened to her son during the strike and when she returned him to school last week, "one of the teachers pointed out another boy who had sat with his head down on his desk all morning. She said he'd gone right back." Calgary's special-class school, Dr. Carl Robson, plans diagnostic tests once the students have settled back to school to see how badly they have slipped over the summer. But some parents are now demanding that special-education teachers be forbidden to strike.

How to make up the lost time hasn't



been decided. Education Minister Dave King says longer school days over a short period of time, extension of the school year past June and curriculum changes are all under consideration. In the meantime, teachers faced with untangling the mess the strike made might hardly have considered leaving off the highway from which some parents had wanted to bail their

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Rum that reflects your good taste.

* The Canadian Teachers' Federation claims in Canada's longest teacher walkout the 20-day strike in Shelby, Ont., earlier this year.



Whether Lindsay Wagner West while working on the \$6-million advance film *High Risk*, Jordan of fans followed in search of "La Mujer Belona." In fact, Wagner hasn't played the role of Jamie Sommers in TV's *Roseanne* for more than two years, but in Mexico the series is a current hit. "It's mainly the children who remember you," says 38-year-old Wagner, who found the autograph hounds charming until she learned that most of them didn't own television sets.

In *Remembrance*, Ellen Burstyn plays a woman healer and it seems to have gone by her hands. She claims that after studying the healing process she can now do it, although she has limits. "I can occasionally take away a headache," she says, "but I was told if I really wanted to develop the power I would have to give up being an actress."

Margaret Trudeau may be noted for her penchant for talking shit, but the same could never be said for her estranged husband, Paul, who for more than 38 years has hidden the fact that he was fitted in a lower engagement. "He kept it a secret all through the courtship and marriage. Margaret only found out when someone told her after they were separated," says Ottawa col-

Wagner (above), Macdonald, Roberts and Hartig. To left: he could lead us to the PM



umnist Richard Geyr, who goes to get the romantic interlude in his upcoming Trudeau study *The Northern Maple*. Geyr says Trudeau was engaged for almost six months in the late 1970s to an Ontario socialite he identifies only as Thelma, who is now married and teaching at a Montreal university. "The people I talked to were quite sure the prime minister is the only one who has defined to be interviewed for the book."

It's getting difficult to be a public figure in Britain these days because chances are that if you do something public a punk rock group will make you a song. At the only forefront of what has been dubbed "Is punk political?" are The Misfits, whose *I'm in Love With Margaret Thatcher* was a recent hit. Also, culled their material from a magazine interview, a Manchester quartet called *Sexmex* has set to music the words of error Edward Fox, who found respectability in the ERO series *Edward and Mrs. Simpson*, though his

personal beliefs wouldn't rate a royal nod. "Anarchy should be a joyous thing. Vandalism is poetic," sang the Sexmex, interpreting Fox's politics in his own words. "I think human beings are incredibly tolerant, but they're so dull. If they talked about how they're mistreated, there really would be a revolution." No comment from Fox on his namesake record, but Sexmex insists "We're serious."

If most of the provincial premieres were to get their way, the result would leave a fractious, unmanageable, bickering group of 10 states, whose sum was far less than the citizens of Canada could ever imagine, and far less than it required to preserve a nation. So opined Edmonton publisher

Plus: "Anarchy should be a joyous thing"

and lion vivax nationalist Mal Hartig, 46, when he had an honorary degree of doctor of laws conferred on him by York University Chancellor John Roberts and Vice-Chancellor H. Ian Macdonald. "This honor is unexpected and, as true as it sounds, I really feel humbled," admitted Hartig, who used his podium time to argue eloquently for national unity, self-confidence and a restructuring of self pride and development. "I am great digging in this country in the next few months." Hartig says he has thought about running for prime minister, but he couldn't bear to leave Edmonton.

One thing *Salvador* (and has never disappeared from the public eye) three months ago after his psychiatrist died in his office, remains open to spread that the master of surrealism was experiencing severe health problems. "All his," says Dahl, 76, who surfaced intact last month with his wife, Gail, after suffering exhaustion and depression. The

only physical change in Dahl is that his famous curled mustache has turned white. Dahl says he will continue to paint and plans to finish a tragic play he has been working on for eight years. Although the Spanish tax man is rumored to be recruited in some states to keep forgetting to declare, Dahl's chief anxiety is immortality. He admits to a fear of death, but adds "I hope that if someday I die—something which perhaps will never happen—the people in the cities of Pigeon (his home town) will say, 'Dahl has died, but not today.'"

Ever since only popular Mayor Stephen Jaub, got the job in 1977, the Winnipeg civic scene has been about as exciting as a dead goldfish. Present Mayor Bill Morris, a corporation lawyer,



Golden: on the wrong side of the tracks

in low-key and generally viewed as a "nice guy." With an election due Oct. 28, some sparkle has been added—primarily from the damaged-tragedy fingers of Al Golden, a 33-year-old Idaho prosthesis who grew up on the wrong side of the tracks and ended up a millionaire via trucking and real estate. "I met Mayor Jaub when I used to deliver his newspaper at city hall," recalls Golden. "That was my very arrogant father I worshiped." So worship Jaub is delighted by Golden's ascends on the city hall establishment. If elected, Golden says he'll double his mayor's salary to the Big Brothers sell all his property and live on the interest. He also hopes to cut

costs by parading the able-bodied on welfare to assist themselves. "Mayor Morris is the king of the establishment and I'm a servant of the people," crosses Golden. As the election nears, Winnipeggers are fast learning that silence may be golden—but Golden is rarely silent.

Under bars of Samuel Cunliffe and Abbots River, the movement for a worldwide Poetry Olympics was launched in London, England, last month. Nine laureates from around the world gathered at Westminster Abbey's Poet's Corner, but Canada's lone representative, Governor-General's Award-winner Dennis Lee, saw it as "more Broadway than substance." Poet readings began and best poets could not

Dahl with Gail's portrait (left), and Mink comes inside a white and Russian folk-songs in the shower



Golden: on the wrong side of the tracks

make the audience of 1,000, but Lee says he could elaborate only a mere general world meeting of poets—"where individuals could share their discoveries and see that they're not working alone." When the evening evening ended, so did Golden's plans had been formulated for the event characterized as "the first gathering of languages, in its special sense, since Babel."

U.S. Secretary of Defense Harold Brown said his hands full last week. Not only did he have to deal with emergency U.S. defense plans related to the ongoing Iraq-Iran war, but he was also faced with first reports on the problems-plagued F-18 fighter plane. Ottawa has ordered 337 F-18s and, at the expected cost of \$1 billion, Canada will be buying its defense industry for the next 20 years on these F-18 wing tips. Though first reports on the review are top secret, the aircraft is known to have serious design, cost and performance problems—leaving Brown the decision on whether to scrap, cut back or carry on.

Officials at the manufacturer, McDonnell Douglas, refuse to discuss the potential impact in the U.S. of a crash or cancellation of the Canadian deal. One person who has never been afraid to talk about the F-18 is outspoken congressman Bruce Pickens, whose investigations say the public won't know anything until Nov. 4, two days after the U.S. election. They say that since President Jimmy Carter is already under Republican fire for letting military needs slip, there is no way he'd cancel any weapon system before the bullets are cast.

"Well it rock 'n' roll," says from the "Rhettia of Europe," says vocalist Mike Mink, describing his first solo album. Called *Foreign Discharge*, it is a departure from the rock he usually plays with the Toronto-based band *Be* to modern interpretations of ethnic music from all over Canada. Mink, 39, who plays



Golden: on the wrong side of the tracks

a straggled-down electric violin, its interior decorated with beach bouzouki and miniature cars, put the record together with a little help from the Canadian Council after years of studying ethnic styles. "I guess it's the kind of music you come up with when you watch *Be* Homeless, sleep with a radio under your pillow and hear your father singing Rumanian folk-songs in the shower."

Branching out from singer-songwriter to actor-songwriter is the 31st On Track. Punk pop have been a new trick for Paul Simon, but it could have become a painful experience. "With the contribution of playing a lot of racket sports and the gutter all the time I developed a certain deposit in my inner finger," says Rhythmic Simon. "I could hardly move it at all." Simon's simple solution was a change of diet recommended by a matrimonial friend of Yoko Ono's. Simon's certain that's what cured him. "Up till then I'd eat everything, even whole diets."

Edited by Marika Boudine

Rolling with the last con

By Hal Quinn

In the glittering facade of a city, Las Vegas, where time is suspended and reality banished, Muhammad Ali appropriately staged his last hurrah. He had said, "The first minute is that I lost all civil weight." Ali was 59 in six months ago when he decided to come out of retirement, again, and 215½ lb at last week's weigh-in. "The second minute is that I will beat Larry Holmes." A man whose weight is hardly remarkable. The real miracle was that anyone believed in the second.

A legitimate hero once he was the light-heavyweight gold medal in the 1960 Olympics as Cassius Clay, Ali went on to live up to all his boasts, all his predictions and his claim to being "the most famous man in the world. The greatest." After winning back his title for an unprecedented third time against Leon Spinks in 1978, Ali retired. He said then that he wanted to set an example "I don't want to be like Archie Moore, Joe Louis, fighting when they're too old, over the hill. I want to be an example to the black people of America in the world, that a black man can go out a champ, leave boxing with his money and his body intact." Last week Ali's million of fans waited that, of all his promises, he had kept just that one.



AP/WIDE WORLD



As fans to cover up his fight, taking back from a punch, Holmes' gold chains and medals around his neck.

To call it a heavyweight championship fight would be like saying that Las Vegas represents the spirit of Western civilization. To call it a fight would only be an attempt to arrange those who paid \$300 each to sit at ringside on an asphalt parking lot outside Caesars Palace. It was a massive con from the moment Ali announced that he, father of eight, at 59, would reduce his illustrious man to become "the coldest one to ever be a four-time champion." That last week's chorus attracted the largest line-ups in boxing history (24,761) in

simply testimony to one of the greatest film-fan man ever, and the goldibility of a world desperately short of heroes.

And so, 46 years, 520 days after Sonny Liston sat on the stool and didn't come out for the seventh round boxing Cassius Clay the champion, Ali sat on his stool after the tenth round in Las Vegas. It had been prophetic. Before the fight the silent crowd, thousands of

whom were standing unable to get to see find their seats, shouted "Ali, Ali!" and cheered to the former champ entered the ring. His hair, the grey raised out before the fight, gleamed and he shuffled briefly. The undefeated Larry Holmes arrived almost 15 minutes later, a tactic once employed by his hero, now opponent. Ali feigned attempts to get at Holmes through the mob of world-beat-in-the-ring, a tactic worthy of George Foreman once employed, after whom Ali's style is patterned. Holmes bumped Ali out of the foot-rest box and the fighters leered every minute. "Man, they gonna mix it, they gonna battle," screamed one gold chain and machete around his neck, competing with the stars in his eyes joined by a \$3,000 bet on Ali.

But they weren't going to mix it. Ringsters scattered 20 Ali punches in the fight, followed with 17 on-target Holmes jabs in one round. Ali parried his right arm to lead the "Ali" chant that had rocked the stadium in Zaire in 1974, when he regained the title from George Foreman. The chant came but did quickly as Holmes burst from his corner and pinned Ali on the ropes in

the first round. The chant was replaced by an eerie silence that enveloped the stadium until after the tenth, when it was replaced by the sound of thousands of feet rushing to the exits.

Ali and his trainer, Angelo Dundee, had been confident that Holmes would not avoid the tenth. Ali had reluctantly assumed "You should will be more by nine," but perhaps only for one last rhyme. They felt Holmes would punch himself out, partly because he had gone 15 rounds just once in his pro career, but perhaps only because he had knocked out 26 of his 35 opponents. And now the old bag of tricks was pulled out, again. Ali started by laying back on the ropes absorbing punches, reports of recurring blood in his urine and suspicion of previous brain damage echoing only in the minds of those who had not played bets.

"I've been sparring with guys the same size as the Peewee (Holmes), but 80 lb lighter. They fast, and I'm going to be too fast for Holmes." The only speed Ali displayed was the quickness of his recovery to third gamenesship. He held his hands in front of his face, playing peekaboo, and dilly staggered forward, he waved Holmes in to punch him on the ropes, he stood with his hands at his waist feinting his head away from jabs and, holding the ropes in

one hand, landed off Holmes with the other. Holmes fell into it, too, wiggling back and wiggling his hips after falling at a moment's Ali in the fifth. At the end of the sixth, the referee was broken by a chorus of boos for Ali after he had offered one good left the entire round.

For anyone who had seen the original shuffle, the one of strategy and purpose that devastated 56 opponents and rendered 20 unconscious, it was a time warp in spite only for those who had long hated the "sappy singer," "head-mach draft dodger," "black supervising Master." For those who had marveled at his ability, respected his convictions, admired and enjoyed his audacious wit, been touched by his sincerity and humanity, been awed by his charisma and universal popularity, it was a time for looking away.

Holmes set the tone, recognizing fight fans' thrill at the sight of sweat spraying across the canvas, knowing that it came from Ali's gloves flicking short. He counter-punched the rare Ali overmatch and his hand rights and apparently landed. The bag was empty. The only trick that worked was the one that filled the stadium and the closed-circuit outlets.

Angelo Dundee ordered the tenth round on the steps behind Ali's corner. He supported his head with his hand

and, cut heard about the mild relief at ringside, mumbled "best round." Ali was to his right, against the ropes. The hands earlier held tautly at the hips were now not held high enough even to peekaboo. It ended with Ali to Dundee's left, on the ropes. Ali slumped on his stool and his hand rights jammed into the ring. Dundee wanted it stopped. Brandon Brown, whom Ali had tossed to the floor in a heated confrontation in a hotel room earlier in the week, wanted the chorus to continue and tried to shove Ali back into the ring. Tim Frazier, one of Ali's bodyguards, shoved to Ali's adviser, Herbert Muhammad, "What do you want done?" Muhammad said, "Stop it, he's getting defensive."

The chant had been heard for the last time. It came weakly to the bench, with Ali pained "defensive" on the ropes. But the millions watching and the \$3,000 betters dreamed that "Ali's just sucking him in," that there was going to be another miracle. "You the only ones he punched out," Larry Holmes told the mob after the fight. "He fooled you all again." Ali took home \$1 million before taxes, Holmes about half that. Holmes remained the World Boxing Council Heavyweight Champion, Mike Weaver the champion of the World Boxing Association. But who would care? Last week the world lost another hero. ◇

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A devious game in the Gulf



By Claudia Wright

The Iraqi diplomat was in good humor in the familiar surroundings of a Washington reception, far from the battlefield around Kharmashir and Amara. He had spent the week leading the office there as it ebbed under counterattacks from the Armed Forces General Command in Baghdad, retreating, and staffing them in envelopes for American correspondents. Now, beneath a ferocious American eagle breathing with stars and arrows, he was ecstatic. "How would you like to be Khawazi in death?" he grinned to another diplomat. "I don't let go of politics," was the rejoinder. "But do you want to let the only man left in Khawazi who can negotiate with you? Khawazi's successors will be worse."

Baghdad's announcement of the ayatollah's demise turned out to be false, and there were other signs last week that the Iraqis may have made several of their bets inactively. Apart from a protracted counteremergency war with the Kurds in the 1980s and early 1970s, the country's forces have had little combat experience. In 1967, four dozen dead aircraft fought in the Six-Day War with Israel and at least a quarter were shot down. In the October War of 1973, the Iraqi-led Armored Division led into an Israeli ambush after stopping for the night below the Galilee Heights. A Syrian commander said that the Iraqis must have stopped for afternoon tea and then decided it was too close to dinner to start up again.

In the campaign against Iran, Iraq has substantially improved co-ordination between its air and ground efforts,



Oil tanker near Baghdad in flames after Iranian bombing (top); Iraqi tank leader in Iraq (above at view strangulation?)

atives, albeit against stiff opposition. Even so, Iraqi air attacks failed to annihilate the Iranian Air Force or prevent counter-attacks. While if Iraqi ground commanders thought they would crush Iranian forces in a swift blitzkrieg, they clearly miscalculated. However, the military objectives may be more limited than the press releases claim. Iraqi moves seem designed to avoid close engagements with the regular Iranian Army or attacks on civilian population centres (in Khawazi, mostly ethnic Arabs). If the objective was to establish a buffer zone to the east of Baghdad and then lay traps to the oil refinery and port areas in the south, that has been accomplished quickly and cheaply, though the results—slow strangulation of Tehran—will take longer to materialize.

The irony of the situation is that if Iraq does increase the co-ordination for an Iranian ally, coup against Khawazi, then the Americans, who have harbored the same hope ever since the shah's removal, should stay as neutral as they have proclaimed themselves. Instead, President Jimmy Carter has publicly offered to resupply the Iranians, and the men at the Pentagon, who were embarrassed by the failure of the hostage rescue mission, have been busy.

Robert Komer, the undersecretary of defense for policy—formerly the official in charge of participation in Vietnam—saw to Carter on Sept. 28 to suggest preparations for an overseas involving several hundred American troops and aircraft. General David Jones, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, took off on Sept. 19 for a trip that included Spain, France, West Germany, Italy, Saudi Arabia and Oman. After he had left Madrid, Spain denied that US aircraft "have been using Spanish air bases in order to supply arms parts for the Iranian Air Force". The wording left open the possibility that this might occur in the future.

The Germans were asked by Jones for a show of allied naval collaboration around the Straits of Hormuz. But the Schmidt government, which bowed to NATO pressure early in the year and sent a naval squadron on a cruise around the Indian Ocean, this time and German forces could not be used. Instead, the Fraser administration in

After US aircraft and Turkish boats during the hostage rescue, the Turkish army moved east and publicly that Turkey could not spare its army to move against Iraq. But actually, did not stop the Turkish border from being used.

Australia, also up for re-election, is still in the mood.

By the time Jones reached Saudi Arabia on Sept. 27, an orchestrated press campaign in Washington began to convey the impression that Iraq's ability to protect them from the ayatollah and were terms to the US. At the Pentagon, Jones's aide, Col Mike Wheeler, confirmed that the general had dismissed the idea of sending several radar surveillance aircraft (AWACS) to the Saudi base at Dhahran. However, asked if any whether Baghdad initiated the request and, if so, which Saudi, US officials would not comment.

Whatever way it happened, the AWACS move is odd. Should Iraq decide to take up Carter's offer—the only help from the outside world it can expect—it would hardly signal its desire by attacking Saudi Arabia. While even with the AWACS constantly in the air, the distance from the Iranian air base at Bushair to the Saudi offshore is so short—less than 250 km—that a sneak attack could probably get through.

On the other hand, Carter does need to demonstrate to his electorate that he can do something in the crisis, and he is obliged by the law to seek advance congressional approval for a deployment of American forces in a combat zone. If the AWACS missions may be extended to direct attention from other zones, while it helps to prepare public opinion for a naval show of force to escort rescuee tanker captives through the Straits of Hormuz to oil loading points from Oman to Bahrain.

What else could the president have up his sleeve? On the west side, the Pentagon may be planning to resupply Iraq through Turkey, while the army's military department arranges to resupply Iraq's flow through pipelines crossing Syria and Turkey. After a year's delay, and despite stepped-up military patrols in Turkey following the Ankara camp, a group of saboteurs, allegedly Kurds, surprisingly managed to blow up a section of the Kirkuk-to-Istanbul pipeline in September.

About half Iraq's pre-war oil exports of 3.4 million barrels per day flowed south to Turkish and Syrian ports and refineries. Syria has granted Iraq's request to reopen an additional pipeline to Tripoli and, if Iraq can then open a permit for the loss of its oil exports from the damaged Bureh installations, its economy—and Europe's oil supplies—will permit a large war for Tehran's collapse. However, in its determination to avoid Khawazi's fate (and the loss of the hostages), the US may be figuring that Iraq will have to suffer a higher price before it could be persuaded to withdraw. The risk of a winter war in Kurdistan is growing up a contingency Baghdad may not have calculated.

United Kingdom

'A vintage display of brotherly hate'

"In tragic—this country no longer has a realistic opposition." The speaker, a well-dressed businessman at a Mayfair after party, was an avowed Conservative. Though not every Tory supports Margaret Thatcher's various internationalism and interventionist policies, which have driven businesses to the wall in dozens, others in the room nodded agreement. That day, in the brush outside resort of Blackpool, 320 km to the northwest, the Labour Party's annual conference had, as far as anyone could see, just handed Thatcher the next election as a prize.

Only some kind of collective death wish could have brought it about. With the recession deepening daily, more than two million out of work, almost every industry from steel to sugar per cent contracting (it was announced last week that London's two evening newspapers would soon merge under the ex-Bever-

idgean that a Labour government's top priority should be to create 1,000 new jobs with would economically abolish themselves and the House of Lords.

As an overwhelming vote committing the party, elected, to pull Britain out of the European Community (another Brexit party).

At a return to the unilateral nuclear disarmament pledge of 20 years ago, which would inevitably end Britain's commitment to the NATO alliance.

At a two-stage practical result, as one paper termed it, at party programs that pushed Labour significantly to the left, first by making it mandatory for MPs to be re-elected by their local parties before elections, a clear warning to the dominant left's line, and, second, reserving the right to elect the leader from Labour MPs and handing it to party workers. A special conference was convened for the next January to sort out how exactly this will be done.

The upset vote on the leadership move threw the convention into turmoil. Especially threatened by the motion were Jim Callaghan's original base, chiefly "crown prince" Denis Healey, the former chancellor of the exchequer. Al-

Convention in session, comrades in despair. Wilson (right), Callaghan (left) and a gleeful Benn, "leader" of the left.



brook matched off the Evening Standard, and the most right-wing government since the 1930s a third of the way through its term, Britain's socialist had an unparalleled chance to assault the conservative enemy. Instead, in a display of Larkish tactics, unlike even in Labour's long tradition of fraternal fratricide, they treated voters last week to a self-destructive scenario that included:

Left-wing warlock Tony Benn pro-

posed the ambitious Benn has little serious backing among the parliamentary Labour Party (MLP). His strength at constituency level was simply demonstrated by the wild acclaim that greeted much of his platform appearances. But the lines were then closely drawn between the party establishment and the resolute ex-people who flies the colors of workers' democracy.

Callaghan himself, who at 68 had been expected to signal his retirement

agreement from the leadership and whose powerful plan for party unity—"Ter pity's sake, stay together"—had a validating ring to it, was left with a shambles chance. Should he step down while his still have the power to choose his successor, thus favouring the chances of Hesley and other establishment candidates? Should he wait on until after January's special convention? Or should he appoint a caretaker like his veteran deputy Michael Foot? At week's end "Sunny Jim," who had sat grudging through most of Ben's speeches, kept his own counsel.

Dejected now, the stormy scenes at Blackpool brought out personality clashes and resentments within Labour as never before, and some of the comments that cut across the smoke-filled rooms and public platforms won't lightly be forgotten. Shirley Williams, one of Labour's best speakers and heavily tipped as a key figure in any new social democracy "Centre Party," revealed hostility against the "fascism of



Heslop: fighting with a candidate eager

the left." Collingham, for his part, all but berated Ben a tirade.

All in all, it was a strange display of brotherly hate and only Ben clearly extended his influence. Vainly euphoric in his habitual uniform of grey suit, outdated brown-down shirt and red tie

(he is rarely seen in anything else), and sustaining himself with biscuits and vast sips of tea, he brooded from mezzanine to meeting, aware with the tape recorder that takes down his every word for posterity that London house is crisscrossed with records of every speech he has made since the age of 30.

Whether the career he is so carefully stitching will go on to greater heights may largely depend on last week's extraordinary events. Other winners—Hesley's among them—could be similarly affected. But whatever happens to their leader, the good grey men and women of Labour's centre have been left with the proverbial egg on their face. Moreover, the party that is deeply in debt, with fewer than one-third of the million paid-up members it boasted 30 years ago, and militant splinter groups have driven away many ethically minded British politics are new chapters palmaria. But at current odds, the anti-war sevens seem to be the Iron Lady at 10 Downing Street. **Clare Kennedy**

Parental approval is recommended

Operation Patriarchate—Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's battle plan to bring the Canadian constitution home from Britain—skidded to a new (quasi) of war last weekend. The invading federal forces, External Affairs Minister Mark MacGowan, and minister of the environment, John Roberts, were arrested in three-point turns and escorted with handcuffs when they arrived in London. But, on Sunday, when they were whisked by private plane to a scheduled meeting with the Queen at Balmoral, and Monday, when they met with Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington, they looked for all the world like two nervous knights bearing word from some faraway king.

Dispatched from Ottawa after Trudeau's nationally televised "patriarchate" address, MacGowan and Roberts' four-day mission was to promote the federal case among Britain's elite and influential. They were to meet with Labour Opposition leader James Callaghan Tuesday, to lunch with a group of selected academics and chat privately with editors from certain handpicked British newspapers. Trudeau was clearly concerned that, while much of the shoving over his head—could take place in the UK, his words could become another strange landscape. Hence the need for what might be called MacGowan and Rob-

erts' protective strike. It will especially mean in handy of the growing, growing, laboratory of Westminster politicians' externalities. So far, however—although News Report's Premier John Buchanan was out on the weekend for talks about all-issues and all there are none, both



MacGowan (left), Canada's High Commissioner, Jean Gervais, greets Roberts' flight's knights from a ceremony king

the dark about Canada's constitutional workings. Perhaps it says something about Trudeau's strategy that officials of the Canadian High Commission had a hard time bringing appointments for the federal day. Thatcher cut Canada's maximum 45 minutes. Lord Carrington, the same—



a negative amount when the previous has haunted Canadian politicians for almost 35 years. In part this was due to the haste with which the trip was arranged, and that it fell between the disintegrating Labour conference and the Conservative's cabinet.

British minds were then concentrated elsewhere, on the possibility of the alternative was involvement with Canada's domestic politics. "We do not want to be drawn into the debate," stressed Thatcher's press secretary, Charles Aronson. "Her position is that Britain will not be drawn into the debate, she remains as unwavering as the constitution, there are precedents for according to that request." **Jane O'Shea**

U.S.A.

A town on the road to 'righteousness'

From now until the presidential election on Nov. 3, Martin's Washington bureau chief Michael Pomeroy will be giving occasional reports from his state. His first, this week, is from Tyler, Texas.

One hundred and forty-two south of Dallas, the small town of money is in the air. It is a pungent smell, a hybrid of roses and gasoline, and it hangs over the western neighborhood of Tyler like a protective veil. There is some drilling now in the nearby forests of East Texas than there was during the glory years of the 1930s in West Texas. Vast lignite coal deposits have been found beneath Smith County's sugar-coated soil, and a \$10-million gas-oil plant is already on the drawing boards. Nearly 600,000 barrels of oil are being pumped out of the ground by 100 wells in the county. The county is a major hub.

Across town, Mrs. Gladys Burd is readying 38,000 municipal rose bushes for next week's third annual Texas Rose Festival. Tyler is the rose capital of the world (20 million bushes are sold annually) and Tyler's 75,000 residents adore what was an opportunity to mention it. Subtleties aside, the industry sweetens the local economy by \$100 million a year.



Oil, roses and religion: these are Tyler's defining characteristics. McDonald's last week offered free drinks to customers who brought in their Sunday church bulletins. The Tyler Morning Telegraph was a full-page advertisement, paid for by local merchants, asking: "Is the Church a Part of Your Life?" Most of Tyler, it seems, could easily answer yes.

The churches are predominantly fundamentalist. In this presidential year, they have also become heavily politicized. "I think it's important to follow God's path as the voters," says Allan Martin, pastor of the 100-member Community Bible Church. "The Bible says two million years ago, with all the people, the eternal government is a violation of that principle." Martin

Martin (below left), Starling (below) and volunteers at the high headquarters rose bushes, along the old cowboy route.



Community Bible Church of Tyler

refuses to endorse any particular candidate from the pulpit, but his congregants are in no doubt about his personal choice: he sports a large Ronald Reagan button on his belt.

For many Tylerites, the roses in this campaign are as much money as they are political appeal: prayer for it, abortion and gay rights arguments. Says Martin: "Righteousness is the key to America's success. If we part from those ways, we will reap God's punishment."

Not surprisingly, Tyler is solid Reagan territory. When the candidate landed here on Sept. 24 for a brief rally, campaign organizers filled the 10,000-seat Harvey Hall and turned hundreds away at the door. "He'll win 60 per cent of the vote in Smith County," predicts Philip Hake, a vice-president of the People's Bank. Beyond the moral issues, Hake says Carter's wasteful profits tax on the oil industry, the giant embargo affecting West Texas wheat farmers and the "sell out" on the Panama Canal treaties will help throw Texas, perhaps despite 36 electoral college votes to Reagan.

Democratic organizer Lowell Starling, a Carter delegate in the New York convention, cautions: "The inevitability of a Republican win in Smith County. Our task is to drive out the pro-Carter block vote to cut our losses here and help us statewide." But even in traditional Democratic strongholds, Jimmy Carter is proving a tough sell. "And Young and Carver King, they don't cut in this area," Starling says.



"Blacks here don't dislike Carter, they just aren't for him."

And yet, Starling insists Carter ran well in Texas. Blacks and Mexican-Americans, he notes, comprise almost half of Texas' population, and 90 per cent are Democrats. That vote, plus the support of labor, women and hard-core Democrats, should be enough to offset Reagan's plaudits in Dallas and Houston (the adopted home of Republican running mate George Bush). Jimmy Carter won Texas by less than 150,000 votes in 1976, and both sides believe the margin will be smaller this time.

around Carter place two more probes into the state before the campaign ends, taking direct aim at Reagan's ads. Democratic TV ads will question whether a septuagenarian can really cope with the immense burdens of the presidency.

In turn, Reagan's Texas organizers are mounting massive voter registration drives. In Tyler, hundreds of volunteers have been enlisted to phone every name on the Smith County computer printout. The "Indefatigable" movie campaign literature comparing the radio-diffused platforms (abortion and school prayer issues head the list) and follow-up phone calls. The pairs show a heavy Reagan majority. Both sides acknowledge the national importance of Texas to the national campaign. Says Democrat Starnes: "We could lose Alabama, Florida, Louisiana and still win the presidency. But it's going to be very difficult to win without Texas." The oil money in Tyler is betting that Carter won't.

The needle robs the cradle

Jimmy Jones is an eight-year-old who dreams of growing up to be a drug dealer. He inhales a black ghetto in Washington, D.C., with his mother and her lover, Ron. But last week Jimmy was on the run, and his sister gripped Washington as few have done recently. "I have never seen the capital so mad," says Major Marston.

Barry Jr., who, with Police Chief Bartlett Jefferson, is coming under criticism because cases such as Jimmy's can occur.

The Jones boy's story was first told in *The Washington Post*. Writer Janet Cooke described him as "a precocious little boy with velvet brown eyes and needle marks freckling his brown arms." It was Ron, a dealer in his own right, who got him started. "One day he said 'When can I get off?'" Ron told the *Post*. "The kid smokes a little and, damn, the little dude really did get off." Six months later, Jimmy, aged 5, was hooked. Jimmy's mother, Andrea, accepts her son's habit. "When you live in the ghetto, it's all a matter of survival," she says. And Jimmy adds, "They don't let me go home. You got to be willing some thing." Within hours of the story appearing, the *Post* received hundreds of calls from readers demanding Jimmy's release. But that is proving difficult. After the *Post*'s story appeared, Jimmy's mother phoned a social worker to say that she and Ron were taking Jimmy into hiding. And a police raid—so far has been unsuccessful.

Jimmy's story coincides with official fears that heroin use is reaching an epidemic level. There have been 43 deaths from overdoses in Washington, D.C., so far this year, compared with only seven in 1979. In Manhattan, District Attorney Robert Morgenthau and last week that many crises on the eastern seaboard are "in the early stages of a two-city crisis." Federal officials believe that some of the heroin (from Iran, Pakistan and Afghanistan) reaches the U.S. via Montreal, where the trade is controlled by the Mafia—which brings the story back to Jimmy. Major Barry says it's a race against time to find him. If the police fail, his mother and Ron may be killed by mobsters to prevent police tracing the chain of supply back to them.

William Lowther

Isabella busts up the party

It was the moment the crowd at New York's Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts had been waiting for: the introduction of *Posthouse* magazine's Pet of the Year, a leggy 38-year-old Italian housewife named Isabella Andino. But the five-foot, 10-inch brunette had a blackboard of her own to deliver. Instead of accepting her golden key from publisher Bob Guccione, Andino, did for the occasion in a body-hugging red gown, stunned the audience by turning down the title.

"I want my freedom," explained the high-fashion model, whose 20-36-36 frame had looked remarkably liberated when *Posthouse* readers awarded her

the Pet title in a mail-in vote after her exposure in the July issue. Andino, who had confessed to a *Posthouse* interviewer, "I like to be played in bed," may have intended the yearning schedule of public appearances in such non-intimate locales as veterans hospitals and shopping centres. There was, too, a small matter of taste. When the posed for *Posthouse* in Italy, and Andino, she

Andino, and Guccione insert, a disclaimer: how this girl who is played in bed?



didn't know that "in the United States the magazine is offensive to people." It takes more than mere offensiveness, however, to discourage Guccione. "He's a survivor," explained a spokesman. "He thought the way she handled it was very classy. She didn't just take the money and run." True, but at week's end she did something else that considerably might put the *Posthouse* proprietor's powers of self-preservation to a sterner test. While Guccione was giving the \$200,000 in cash and prizes that Andino will not now receive to the Lincoln Center, the reason for his generosity suggested that she was shipping a \$4-million suit on him to prevent publication of the magazine's November issue, which features her on the cover and in a 14-page spread.

Why? She didn't realize the *Posthouse* contract was meant to be "consensual enslavement," and Andino. Enslavement or not, however, the feud has projected the newly beautiful brunette into the headlines and, possibly, into a new career. Producer Dino DeLaurentis has courted her for about a month now. Maybe one day she'll join Marlon Brando and George C. Scott in turning down an Oscar.

Bille Christopher

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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's



The white knight rides within

By Anthony Whittingham

Dan Carroll was tired. It was late at night and he was alone in his office, long after the rush-hour bodies had emptied into the streets 18 floors below, abandoning the legendary Toronto intersection of King and Bay to its eerie late-night illumination of darkness and silence. It was to be his final vigil. Less than 24 hours later, Carroll and his small group of fellow senior officers of Canopus Corporation would officially learn the outcome they had already resigned themselves to accept. They had to be out of control of Royal Trust Ltd., the asset banking, trust and real estate conglomerate, which had \$200 as Canopus's executive vice-president and chief architect of the Royal Trust take-over bid, Carroll was sure that night, scratching out late-night strategies, sitting through all the possible scenarios, waiting for word from the outside world. "Don't worry, Bob," he soothed, picking up the phone and hearing Robert Canopus's voice calling from Ottawa. "On the best court ruling, I've just found out, makes our decision, well, a lot easier. I'll talk to you in the morning." He sighed, sitting back in his chair, still dressed up in blue pajamas and, "I don't like it, but I guess I'll be glad when it's all over."

In the aftermath of the Canopus Royal Trust take-over war—a bitter five-week struggle that will cost the two sides close to \$5 million in legal and other consulting fees—it is difficult to distinguish who won and who lost. It is clear that Canopus was soundly defeated in its attempt to buy control of Canada's largest trust company, being offered only 20 per cent of the Royal Trust shares, well below the 50.5 per cent he had been seeking. But what is also clear is that it may take several months to emerge—in the interim of the damage inflicted upon Royal Trust.

At work's end, self-congratulatory celebrations swept through RT offices throughout Canada and as far away as Florida—as well as in the offices of what are conventionally dubbed during the take-over contest as the "Trebards." But elsewhere there was a growing belief that the conduct that enabled RT to snuff Canopus's bid so readily has cost a pill not only upon the company itself but upon large segments of the financial community. "It isn't over yet, that's for sure," conceded one trader at Midland, Young, Weir, the large Toronto



White page) and Canopus, financially strapped Canopus newspaper ad, with late-night recreation of darkness and silence

The attempt to take over Royal Trust concerns over one million Canopus and twenty-six billion dollars of their savings and investments.

Royal Trust

Correction

Canopus Corporation Ltd. (Black) began to circulate itself in stages, first by stopping itself as chairman and later by writing down to zero the value of the Massey stock previously listed as a \$27 million asset on Argus' books. Black's "trif" last week of its Massey stock is the company's pension funds.

brokerage house which acted as RT's chief financial controller throughout the take-over struggle. From the opening shot in late August, when Ottawa real estate developer and self-made millionaire Robert Canopus dropped in, almost unannounced, to inform Royal Trust Chairman Kenneth White that Canopus would be making a \$120-million bid to buy control of Royal Trust from its 3,000 shareholders, it became clear that this was to be an ordinary take-over struggle. "Ken White ended it almost immediately into a holy war," says syndrict Jim Ulanski, "pitting the sacred trust of widows and orphanage against a development mogul."

In press releases, letters to share-

holders and full-page advertisements in major newspapers across the country, RT lashed out at the Canopus offer, emphasizing the inappropriateness of allowing RT, formed 87 years ago, to fall into the hands of one man, especially a man whose company was in constant need of cash for its high-risk business of real estate development. It was a war-torn campaign of public relations, carefully devised and plotted by lawyers and take-over specialists, both from Toronto and New York, well versed in the jagged tactics of corporate guerrilla warfare.

Perhaps RT's claim was true. Royal Vice-President Laurence Chisholm cited during the take-over struggle

that a number of significant RT clients would withdraw their accounts if the take-over was successful. Canopus himself admitted there would be a loss of business that could take up to two years to recover. On the other hand, RT's outrage over private ownership conveniently overlooked the fact that six of Canada's 10 largest trust institutions are already under the control of single majority shareholders without apparently suffering any abuse of ownership. Further, legislation governing trust companies provides no restriction on ownership by Canadians. Federal Insurance Superintendent David Thompson said last week the Royal Trust force may cause the issue of trust company ownership to be reviewed under future Trust Company Act revisions, but that similar considerations had been rejected during the time of the Bank Act revisions in 1967.

Whether the Royal Trust holy war was actually successful in persuading hundreds of little shareholders that the company's true interest lay in maintaining its role as public shareholder may never really be known. What really

defeated the Canopus bid was a much more subtle war on an entirely different

front—the massive buying up and accumulation of Royal Trust stock, more than one-half of its 10 million shares, by unknown purveyors on the Toronto and Montreal stock exchanges during a month-long period leading up to the deadline of Canopus's offer. These black purveyors, presumably by "friends" of Royal Trust, were made primarily through the three key brokerage houses of Midland, Young, Weir, Thomson Securities and Burns, Fry &—some even above the \$21 share price (later swollen to \$27) offered by Canopus, and all above the \$18 to \$17 range of RT's stock before the take-over bid was announced in short, with the Canopus bid, stirred and share prices that likely, to drop back to previous levels, a number of purveyors were apparently prepared to buy, and held, RT stock at prices that would eventually cause them to lose money, possibly for the sole reason of blocking the Canopus bid. Under federal and provincial law, purchases amounting to more than 10 per cent of a company's stock, if made by separate buyers acting in concert, constitute an illegal take-over bid.

"This allegation has been made," admits David Bond, assistant deputy man-

ager in charge of the federal Bureau of Corporate Affairs. "It's one of several matters our department is investigating arising from the Canopus Royal Trust affair." For their part, Royal Trust supporters are suggesting the annual intervention by the federal government flows directly from Robert Canopus's well-known friendly links with key federal Liberal politicians prepared to back him in his battle.

In fact, the RT take-over struggle has illuminated more clearly than ever before the links and secret alliances binding together key players in the Canadian financial community. Within the banking and brokerage community, Canopus's allies—The Bank of Nova Scotia and Greenshield Inc.—quasily found themselves isolated for their timidity in tampering with Royal Trust. "No one knows," was one analyst, "what kind of debts and favors both Ken White and Bob Canopus must have promised along the way, or relied in their own days." At Royal Trust, one claims a victory. It may turn out to be Pyrrhic at best. As for Canopus, while he lost his bid, he succeeded in opening a can of worms, both for his own company and for the one that got away. ☐

Turning Black into Gray

Canopus Black, but then cutting out of his hand once again. Using the rhetoric of altruism to mask what bottom-line Massey-Pengas-writers have long suspected, would happen, Black imprisoned his shares last week in the northward Canadian multinational. He did it on the very eve of the long-awaited announcement concerning government aid, saying he was stepping aside to let his own controversial presence in Massey's affairs have no longer stand in the way of a public-sector bid-out. A theatrical move if ever there was one. Gene, too, as the Massey directors elected on the strength of Black's former \$5.6-per-cent holding. Black's Massey farewell might both federal and provincial governments of guard. Not surprisingly, they delayed once again making a decision about whether or not to help Massey, say by week's end the services saga continued unresolved.

Whatever the fate of Massey, it's clearly of no material importance to Black himself, now that he is no longer a shareholder. Though he has more than two years with the manufacturing giant after inheriting a controlling position through his take over of Ar-



gun Corporation Ltd., Black began to circulate himself in stages, first by stopping itself as chairman and later by writing down to zero the value of the Massey stock previously listed as a \$27 million asset on Argus' books. Black's "trif" last week of its Massey stock is the company's pension funds.

Black using the rhetoric of altruism

gun Corporation Ltd., Black began to circulate himself in stages, first by stopping itself as chairman and later by writing down to zero the value of the Massey stock previously listed as a \$27 million asset on Argus' books. Black's "trif" last week of its Massey stock is the company's pension funds.

Black using the rhetoric of altruism



Massey harvesters (bottom) once

far from costing him anything, actually relieved him from continuing responsibility.

For Massey itself, the removal of Black's influence may be a blessing in disguise—and not merely, as some analysts have suggested, by increasing the likelihood of government help. Freed of Black's presence, Massey may well be able to attract private-sector support from other quarters, particularly if it is able to press ahead with further plans for its own restructuring. It is still a vast open-ended bet, however, before Massey's evolution, particularly the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce to which Massey owns close to \$400 million, decide they can wait no longer. If Massey's Commerce director, Black, however, he may wish it, he's not of Massey yet. A.W.

Photo: G. H. T.

The last lion leaves and the jungle falls quiet

By Rodger McQueen

The head is perfectly round and stuffed with a banker's secrets. In public, the mouth was either filled with a pipe, or emptying itself of extraneous phrases. In private, the extra-curricular and somewhat all-around barely had the strength and wit beneath. After more than 44 years with the Royal Bank, W. Earl McLaughlin last week stepped down as chairman, and with his retirement goes a little of what the company can live least.

And, spared his daughter "Daphne, does this mean that when you die you will be buried in Westminster Abbey?" He laughs as he recalls the story and points to his main accomplishment in a place where all the previous bosses but one have died in office. "I've lived to see my own retirement," he says. "The rest have all gone out feet first."

Is it possible to dislike a man who is not carried away by the pomp of his place or the parade of his possessions? As he changed his bank from a sole act



director. Not just the authority that comes from step a bank with a lion for a symbol, more than 35,000 employees and 100,000 customers in 100 countries, but the freedom that must be spoken as if he cared to, or could, set things right in the beginning, the tapes were not the staff of fetters, talismans—nothing machine, man, how to measure inflation and drive money supply—but he was right and those numbers which at one time only numbered, have fairly become the focus of our lives. His departure should be mourned.

He began as one of the first university graduates that the bank hired, sweeping out a Toronto branch with a whisk in 1938. The Royal Bank's assets were less than \$1 billion and his salary was \$750 a year. He didn't even marry until it reached \$1,000. "You looked for a transfer," recalls McLaughlin, "because all you had to do was go down the bank's stairs, get with the other staff and catch the train that night." After a series of Ontario postings, he became manager of Montreal's main branch in 1951 and the bank's mortgage expert in 1954 when the National Housing Act was passed.

It was a bank run by one man, Justin Muir. If Muir was away, every decision awaited his return. When he died on a trip to his ancestral home in Scotland and his replacement, M.M. Walter, died seven months later, McLaughlin was the top man. At 45, he was the youngest ever to run the Royal Bank. He firmly made sure it didn't go to his



side at least a small choir, he assumed a public role as spokesman for the entire financial community. It was not a spot he sought, the other banks simply let him take it. And what salt and pepper gave he pulled through the years. Canadian nationalism was the "buzza republic syndrome." Bank controls, he claimed, were "imposed only by the when banks in their capacity to destroy cities." And their worst crimes, wage and profit controls, could "destroy the total economy." Politicians were favorite targets. "Politics is the art of getting elected or re-elected regardless of the cost to the country." "G'dita. "If the government had dropped the Eds, they'd still be producing it." Of the 19 federal budget-busters who served during his years running the bank, "Some finance ministers were greater failures than others."

Other points weren't so popular. In 1976, in Winnipeg, he moved the stock of women on his 60,000 board of



directors. "We have looked for such a woman," he said, "but we have not been able to find one with the qualifications in the areas we need. For example, a simple housewife may represent women, but she could make no contribution to the running of a bank." He will not, however, be remembered just for self-interests. Nor will he be widely recalled for the accomplishments he would personally list: formal training for employees, delegation of authority and growth in international business. His enemies will score at the times he parked his black limo in his mouth, but friends and foe alike should note something else.

He is the last in a line of powerful Canadian bank presidents at the top, some fast, some foal, who alone ran a place with nerve and nerve. Sir Joseph Flavelle, the Bruce Brewin, Sir John Gault. He is used to have sold spiced meat to First World War troops. James Stanley Milne of Canada Packers ran his empire from a glacial-in-fish and related anyone who was a few minutes late. John Angus "Red" McDougall was another

whose favorite management style was a committee of one. General Motors' Colson McLaughlin, Sir's first cousin once removed, likewise had a stature that dominated the landscape. Each, including the Royal's McLaughlin, fits Ralph Waldo Emerson's view that "as men are in the lengthened shadow of one man."

Those days are gone. They faded before during McLaughlin's time. The business leader today is buffeted by a more complex world than in times past. Events have permanently propped his window open to the winds outside. The imperial chief executive, lonely and alone, is no more. He has been joined by strategic planning, management committees, productivity fireworks, sounds of consultants and computer technology. Best of the pants management, but, quite simply, were this Earl McLaughlin, the Royal's last lion, sleeps tonight. On the land he leaves behind lives his inner game.

Cities

Finding a place for the poor

By Virginia Smith

A part-time hunter who prefer to live within spitting distance of superhighways and fast-food chains soon may not be the only people who are sorry the Ontario Housing Corporation (OHC) doesn't build projects the Falstaff anymore. The Falstaff public housing development, three symmetrical high-rise slabs, is perched between two fast-food restaurants and an expressway bridge across Jane Street in North York. Disparagement on its lower floors are routinely accompanied by the rumble of speeding traffic.

But Ralph Lomonte, 68, a welfare recipient who has lived at Falstaff for nine years, doesn't even notice the noise exposure, nor does he complain about its concrete and steel landscape. What still bothers him is the disapproving public attitude toward public housing residents. "Because you live in Falstaff you're looked at like someone from outer space," says his son, Tom. While he acknowledges that there has been vandalism and racial conflict in the project, they both have been forced to acknowledge an even tougher reality: they need Falstaff, now and all.

Even OHC executives acknowledge that Falstaff-style housing projects have a rotten public image. Yet Falstaff and its clones were built with the very best of intentions—to provide otherwise-represented affordable housing for the province's poor—during OHC's heyday as a housing developer from 1966 to 1974. During that time, the corporation expanded its rent-guaranteed-to-occupants units (including a small number of low-rent developments) from 14,646 to 48,000, more than a third of them in Metro Toronto. In the past five years, however, as criticism of the program has steadily heightened, the corporation has been quietly withdrawing from the development business. Soon it will be withdrawn completely. Which would be all to the good if an adequate number of alternatives were being developed. But recently there has been almost no action taken unless somebody assumes responsibility for housing the poor, and soon, people like Ralph and Tom Lo-

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cluded in the sense that they don't have any money. They need services," says public housing tenant and community activist Blanche Callahan. In her experience, families that have been dispersed into rent supplement units feel isolated from people with similar problems and unable to organize themselves to secure the help they need.

One solution might be to resurrect OAC as a developer of small low-rent projects. "In my own riding, the demand is for smaller OAC projects," says Blanche MPP Ed Philip, who chaired a recent legislative committee review of city's activities. But the corporation's critics say it needs more than a quick face-lift. "The image of OAC is so bad," says Philip, "that any kind of OAC proj-



Callahan, hiding the power not practice

ect will meet with a certain community resistance." To begin with, its management systems would have to be overhauled to encourage the formation of tenants' associations and any other initiatives that would promote greater tenant responsibility. The Ontario Anti-Poverty Organisation/Coalition noted in a recent submission to Bennett that "in projects and regions where tenants' associations have been encouraged, there is little evidence of stagnation." Vandalism in these projects is at a minimum and community spirit is high.

But by itself, fostering a greater sense of personal control and therefore a greater sense of self-worth will not go very far in solving the problem. That campaign must be accompanied by an equally strong campaign to improve public attitudes to public housing residents. The anti-poverty organization has recommended that a public relations department be created within the ministry for this purpose alone. Blanche Callahan, for one, thinks that with a little effort middle-class misconceptions can be convinced to accept groups of less fortunate tenants in their neighborhoods. "After all," she says, "they managed to get their groups together to bring the best people here." ♦

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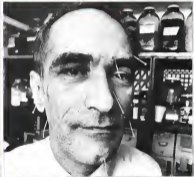
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Medicine



Quack: Chinese vitamins, poisons and medicinal herbs imported from Hong Kong

A prickling feud over the right to needle

By Marilyn Reed

The walls and shelves of Pierre Gaudin's Ontario clinic are lined with Chinese vitamins, posters and medicinal herbs imported from Hong Kong—just the right touches to complement his work as a lay acupuncturist. The small waiting room in the basement of his home, which is strewn with dirty ashtrays, dated newspapers and magazines, accommodates only a few of his weekly load of 500 to 600 patients. Every two or three minutes—in the middle of all the clutter—Gaudin, a diminutive, chain-smoking volcano of energy, slips quickly from the side of one of the eight curtained beds to another, "needling" his patients.

Until recently his livelihood has been threatened, for his activities are considered illegal by the Ontario medical associations. In August, provincial court Judge Jean-Pierre Boudreau acquitted Gaudin on a charge of practising medicine without a licence. He ruled that acupuncture is not a medical procedure and thus is outside the jurisdiction of

the Ontario Health Practitioners Act. But Gaudin's victory may be short-lived. If an appeal launched by the health ministry and the College of Physicians and Surgeons is successful (it is due to be heard this winter), the college will crack down on an estimated 180 lay acupuncturists who have been operating without professional approval. That would mean Gaudin and his colleagues to meet college standards or go underground, as well as threatening the livelihood of some 300 others who work discreetly in Chinatowns and clinics across the country. In the meantime, the case has highlighted a continuing controversy over who is best qualified to practise this 5,000-year-old Oriental art.

The problem became apparent in 1974 when an increased number of non-medical acupuncturists began practicing in Canada. A line of quick-setting-up businesses led the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons, along with every other province in the country except Quebec (where lay acupuncturists have operated legally since 1977), to rule that

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lay acupuncturists can practise only under direct medical supervision. As well, the Ontario college has established examinations to determine which laymen are qualified to practise under supervision. But the college has been unsuccessful in its aim, since only 27 acupuncturists have ever bothered to take the exams.

How can you supervise something you don't know anything about?" asks Gauthier. Dr. Joseph Wong, medical director of rehabilitation at Laurentian Hospital in Sudbury and one of the



Inserting a needle into the skin:
treating many addictions and habits

country's recognized medical acupuncturists, agrees. "The doctor is there not so much to supervise the acupuncturist as to supervise the safety of the body." But, he adds, "If you go through the skin you have to have a knowledge of what's under it."

The ancient art of acupuncture is based on the principle that there are channels of energy called meridians running through the body. Needles from one to 18 cm in length are inserted at specific points along the meridians to massage and stimulate the nervous system. Throughout its long history, acupuncture has been used to treat problems ranging from migraines and arthritis to obesity and smoking. It is also used as a pain reliever. Although the Athabaskan Indians are said to have used a form of acupuncture in Canada as early as 3500, it wasn't until about 1952 that it became popular.

That's the year that Pierre Gauthier hung up his shingle in Ottawa. His training includes three years of classical acupuncture in China and doctorates from the British Acupuncture Association and the International Society of Acupuncture in Paris. He is also a member of the World Union of Acupuncture

Associations. His patients, who he says are referred by more than 500 local doctors, range from those in 91 years of age to medical students of the Ottawa Royal Victoria Hospital team. But even with all this business—up to 500 patients a week at \$20 a head—Gauthier says he isn't getting rich. Many of his patients are up and away and pay only what they can afford.

The division in philosophy between lay and medical practitioners is wide. While doctors are eager to control the practice, lay acupuncturists are quick to



Acupuncture at work: better than a hypodermic

criticize the qualifications of the medical profession to judge them. "There is not a single medical doctor qualified to practise acupuncture in Canada," says Oscar Weiss, president of the Acupuncture Association of Quebec. Gauthier agrees. "Doctors don't know anything about acupuncture themselves. They ask a lot of questions about anatomy and physiology, which have nothing to do with acupuncture."

The Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons admits that its exams are more to ensure that a person has a basic knowledge of anatomy and hygiene than to test his skills as an expert healer. "We have no way to judge a qualified acupuncturist," says Dr. Wolfgang Spörkel, professor of anaesthesia at the University of Western Ontario and one of the four doctors who set the provincial exams. "There is no standard of acupuncture that is universally recognized." But he, like college registrar Dr. Michael Dixon, believes it is in the public interest that acupuncture be regulated by the medical profession, especially since serious mistakes have been made, such as accidentally puncturing a lung. Still, even doctors make mistakes. Three years ago, 58-year-old Donna Carlin committed between Qi-

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tion and Montreal to a physician acupuncturist for treatment of a stomach ulcer. A needle implanted in her ear was supposed to stop the flow of acid to her stomach and allow the ulcer to heal naturally. The pain went away as long as the needle was in her ear, but when Carlin was forced to have it removed because she developed an ear infection, the pain returned, intensified, and she was hospitalized. Comments Dr. Brian Bailey, an Ottawa physician and acupuncturist: "This use of acupuncture as an ongoing analgesic is unusual and out of the mainstream."

Despite the controversy over who should be administering acupuncture, doctors, dentists and veterinarians have been incorporating it into their practices for the past six years. Dr. Linda Rapson, a Toronto acupuncture specialist and former president of the Acupuncture Foundation of Canada, says about 900 doctors have taken five-day introductory courses offered by the foundation since 1976. So far, about 300 are using it to some degree in their practices. Rapson, who has been employing the method for six years, says that a doctor could effectively use acupuncture in a limited way after the basic course.

Dr. Herbert Adrian, a Toronto dentist and graduate of one of the foundation's first sessions, uses acupuncture as a pain-killer. Instead of the standard injection of Novocain, he applies needles to various parts of the body. "I had one patient who had to be hospitalized for simple fillings because he couldn't control his pain," he says. "After he was referred to me I spent five hours trying out a system of needles to help him. Now that I've worked it out, it takes me less time to apply acupuncture than it takes to give a hypodermic."

A further area of debate is whether acupuncture is an effective treatment of addictions and habits. Bailey says he has used it successfully to help patients quit smoking. Bailey, who counsels an average of 30 patients a week and charges from \$25 to \$50 a visit, says that while the patient must have the willpower to stop smoking, acupuncture acts as "dulling the withdrawal symptoms of excessive appetite, anxiety and the desire to smoke."

Eventually, Gaojin would like to see the art integrated under the jurisdiction of the Dr. William Practitioner's Art, which already covers osteopaths, professional such as chiropractors and physiotherapists. As he awaits a decision on his future, he takes comfort in history. "Acupuncture has been practiced and persecuted for thousands of years by different Chinese emperors. It has survived. I'm only part of the flow."

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Music For the record



THERE & BACK
Jeff Beck
Epic/135

THE SOUND OF DELIGHT
Dwight Dennen
Columbia/135

While many of the jazzmen who followed Miles Davis into jazz-rock fusion now lie beached in Munich, two guitar heroes of the '60s rock wars, Jeff Beck and Carlos Santana, still ambles over this horizon having a wonderful time. Both albums are soloists' holidays, displaying sporty stylistics out of the grab bag of rock powerhouses. Long on waxy lines, fat tone and razor-sharp riffing, *There & Back* has Beck still avoiding, from the cooled spring of *Wynd*, the album that defined him as the kid-gunner out to spring jazz. After three cuts, he finally unleashes abrasive keyboard player Jon Hammer and slides into playful power. Slightly more raucous, and much more melodic, Santana keeps his all-star studio band in a strictly support role and it seems content enough, to assert his tough-as-tender playing, letting Fanny Shorter's sax solos cool the famous Latin and/or

KANSAS CITY HUSTLE
Jay McShann
Savoy/135

Jay McShann is a big man, a sometime leader of *pile-drive* big bands, and the sound that comes from his piano is as solid and virile as the Kansas City '50s he invokes with every turn of musical phrase. Recorded in Toronto at the same 1978 sessions as his *A Tribute to Fats Waller, Kansas City Hustle* is a welcome second helping of McShann's style at the studio. This time, with no special homage, he digs back into a startling variety of blues by Duke Ellington, Thelma Houston and himself. A trace of a vocal, a lean reality, lingers over some tracks, in what seems an off-handed tact. But don't be fooled: McShann's grandeur can make a strength and precision which rivets even as a first listening.

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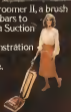
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Kick-off contest at Bronco's: a speed that leaves men walking like Walter Brennan

RIDIN' HIGH

The Urban Cowboy clears out the disco saloon

By Thomas Hopkins



arousing. Then down slammed her heels into the lifeless sides of Buford—a grating, mechanical ball at the Vancouver look-a-like, Bronco's. The 19-year-old had begged Whitey, the bell's operator, to let her ride at nine, the highest speed and one that regularly left men walking like Walter Brennan for a week. She pleaded she had ridden well at five and seven "Olney," breathed Whitey, and for 30 seconds down rode like a Phoebe twist et, hair and cowboy hat flying through smoke-filled air to cries of "fiffty cowboy" and a standing ovation from

Rodeo at Urban Cowboy: respektable



SHIRLEY M. GALLAGHER

the 140 Class-Cola cowboys and cowgirls watching.

Buford is one symbol of what has come to be called Urban Cowboy after the John Travolta movie released in June. Since then 3,000-35,000 westerns in its most resonant form has rolled up the West Coast of the U.S., into Vancouver and began to track east. In Toronto, this march was the opening of the Wild Wild West Show in the landmark Sunway Hotel (three hours of chad-wagon dinner theater starring 35 Dallas gang look-alikes and school tapes in Vancouver, clubs with music like Gamblers and Outlaws recently have more from the sparkling sides of faded discos. They're packed every night with roller-hat cowboys dressed like Hardy Dooly in 1880. Terry Laine, self-styled cowboy boss, seven-strip male cowboy shirts and silver belt buckles sporting turquoise stones the size of robin's eggs

In Vancouver, cowboy hats feed like bulls above most crowds. Country-rock bands that have starved in seedy up-country logan halls and dark beer parlors are suddenly luring down looking after looking.

Following half a decade of brittle posturings and the serene competent music of disco, a return to the roots of country, even a turbo-charged down-country, is a refreshing change. As music, Urban Cowboy has little to do with The Grand Ole Opry and bluegrass, that's traditional country music and that will be around long after Urban Cowboy is remembered as the late show. What is drawing the tailored, bored sons of the new country fan is rooted in the guitars and sweet pedal steel of Son Volt pop—a potent Texas beef combining equal parts country-and-western lament and rock 'n' roll lure. Also called Outlaw Country, it was born on roadhouses around Austin, Tex., in the early 1970s, dubbed out by the weathered likes of Waylon Jennings and Willie Nelson, and polished by loud six boys from the new South such as Charlie Daniels and Alabama. Son Volt country hits, most from the Urban Cowboy movie sound track, are currently at the top of pop music charts. The sound track owned No. 1 on North American country charts most of the summer with an unprecedented four No. 1 singles placed from the album.

Since the spring, film, fashion, even advertising have gleaned on a Station Whitey the movies. *Elvis*, *Barman*, *Cool*, *Maver's Daughter*, *Manic*, *Manic* and *Manic* are to be seen in the theatre. *Barman's* *Manic*, Clint Eastwood's *Any Which Way You Can*, and *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas* in Canada, even the most attention of a pedal-steel guitar is given added juice by the cockiness, vitality and winner's aura of the *Outlaw* West. Heck, thanks to J.R. Ewing and his nightclub atop Dallas, it's even easy.

Certainly the success of stadium-size Olney's, near Houston, Tex., which can hold up to 6,000 patrons at \$10 to \$15 a but, has convinced several Canadian club owners that the future is in silver boot-tips and bolo ties. Vancouver's Derek Porben, 28, is a believer. In the past decade, his partner's venerable old *Barman* Hotel in Gastown has turned the floor of Porben's an Irish pub, and then Dimplex, a dance with \$200,000 worth of state-of-the-art, sound and light equipment. "Discs died a sudden death at the end of 1978," he says. "One weekend we were full, the best empty." A surprising dance had opened next, usually as Goughs, so Porben took a sledgehammer to Dimplex's mirrored walls and opened in June as Bronco's. And the \$300,000 disco electronics!



Boots (above), collar (below) make the a stereotype that's trend



From the pop-culture weekend in the most romantic form



Says Porben matterly: "We now have a terrible sound system for a cowboy bar."

Since July 28, took over the failing Trango disco in Gastown and opened *Cowboys* in April after "getting drunk with an L.A. fashion designer one night" and being convinced that West, in the short term, was best. He, too, is a disappointed cowboy. He's packed nightly, with increasingly loudly dressed barbeques and backstreet. On weekends, lounge under down Alexander Street and Judd has recently opened *Cowboys II*, with more clubs planned. Upstairs, a nervous former strip-club Greek nightclub and saw were bar with enough shanty, \$450,000 later, as Outlaws. As soon there more are planned for the next few months. Strolling the air for nightclub, almost all existing disco in Vancouver have at least one western night a week.

Further east, club owners have yet to feel the suburbanization of cowboy. In Calgary, where cowboy hats at the street corner cause a faster of an eyebrow, three barbeques are in operation and the huge *Barman* will shortly reopen as the Ranchman's Downtown. But clubs called *Cowboys* are becoming ubiquitous. There are nine in Texas, one opening this month in Toronto's Village by the Grange and a western dancing store with the same name recently opened in Sudbury. In Toronto, upscale taprooms such as Urban Cowboy, High Note and Western Corral service executive cowpokes with \$1,600 boots and \$300 suede cowboy shirts. Denver Steve Stealing of New York's disc westerns boots store, *The Boot*: "It's more than a trend. It's a state-pace." Other retailers, however, question whether the trend will root in the East. "Toronto will go a little country,"

Heckle cowboy, while three-piece suits stay in the closet





You can pour whisky

'Cowboys are the last real men alive'



Cowboys lineup (above) and patrons (right). Forbes (far right) rising from the ashes of failed disco



PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID FORBES

year-old Grey Cup soccer. Statice "You can make a fool of yourself!" Anyone who has sweated through another fall at a wedding can get by and the result, as at the best of wedding dances and even on a busy-tank dance floor, can be an exuberant, throw-high, hands-on rising with strangers. For the young, especially the urban young called by the serious femininity of disco, the old dances of their rural totems come as a happy revelation.

Inevitably, a make-before lifestyle generates disposable fashion. "Do you realize," asks Bruce's Forbes, "how many white three-piece suits are hanging in closets right now?" Gerald Taback of Vancouver's Dermal Shop says orders for western hats are backed up six months to a year. Glenn Marlack of Culhouse's Hat Shop, also in Vancouver, has been a retailer for 60 years and says western hat demand in the past six months is unprecedented. His sales are

up 300 to 400 per cent over last year, with sales soaring from 10 per cent two years ago to 75 per cent today. Says Taback: "We used to be happy with \$600 on a Saturday. Now if we don't do \$5,000 we're unhappy." Customers might buy million boots for \$250, a \$100 more fun-felt hat for \$130 or maybe the clink of spurs for \$15 to \$400 (gold-plated). "And we're still at the bottom of the demand cycle," says Taback optimistically.

"The East hasn't even begun." Both longtime western writers and veteran patrons share the sentiment of James Rogers, owner of Stampede Truck Lumber in BC's Fraser Valley, when he says, "Style always outlasts fashion." Still, even as real pickup cowboys keep up their kate in protest against the blossoming of the drugstore catfish, country moderns are seriously viewing their money new fash. "This is the first time I've ever been in," says Eric Lindstrom, guitarist for Spokane-based Stone Johnny. The almost disbelieving joke makes the rounds of Vancouver pop circles alike. What do you call a rock musician who starts playing country? Answer: Employed Can Mulco, 11-year veteran of country-and-western poverty and leader of the Vancouver band, The Mulco Gang, is still recovering. "It was surreal until May," he marvels. "Then I went on vacation and when I got back my phones were bugging up."

Aside from the demand for the music, current-city cowboy has inevitably changed perceptions about the Duke. Western symbolism of it all and what its popularity signifies. Certainly, a knee-biting era that generates books with titles such as *Bad Men*, *Sex and Style* is an *Urban Cowboy* can find temporary relief in the better version of the open range. "When times get tough



Taback: waiting the air for sagebrush

we look for simple answers," says University of British Columbia psychologist Stanley Coren, "and cowboys only come in two varieties: good and bad, smart and dumb." Certainly the attitude of women toward Urban Cowboy is not traditional. They like it. There is no gingham on the dance floor and the music is (mostly) not schlockman. Thea Miller in *The Night* summed up the

attraction perfectly two decades ago when she turned to Marilyn Monroe and said of an aging but virile Clark Gable, "Cowboys are the last real men alive." In Gilley's, in L.A.'s Palomares Club or Vancouver's Cowboy, women are apt to do the asking on the dance floor and often encourage men three to two. "Forward women," says Judd in the cluttered office of Cowboy II. "It's as noticeable because it's so different from disco."

Like most fashions, however, and unlike its true-grit country and western underpinnings, Saloon Cowboy tends to dissolve under close scrutiny. If it thrives, and it likely will, it will be because the music is living and vital, the dancing raucous and weird and the beer are cold. Still, fads can exist: a protest song. Derek Forbes has survived his Irish pub and his disco. Now he stands in his straw cowboy hat, Gilley's belt buckle and newspaper boots to care fall of West Vancouver kids putting up Carri Street. "I wonder where we'll be 18 months from now," he mulls, a smile tamed to the human comedy. "The end will probably be featuring bag bands and I'll be greeting you at the door in a tuxedo." ♦

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PHOTOGRAPH



Gillispie (far left). White: disputing the need for another notary in competition

Justice

A squeeze play between legal eagles and sparrows

When Barbara White of Vernon, B.C., decided three years ago to become a notary public, her motives combined altruism with self-advancement. As a notary, she would be keeping the sort of real estate transactions down because, unique to B.C. in Canada, she wouldn't have to charge lawyers' fees. And it provided the real estate secretary/bookkeeper a chance to cash in on the document-processing accompanying the town's lucrative real estate business. Upon successfully completing courses and meeting all the other standards, she asked the B.C. Supreme Court last May for her licence to practice. But the response to White's routine request for a notary seal has been anything but a rubber stamp. The Vernon Bar Association challenged her on the grounds that there was no need for her services since real estate (conveyancing in the lingo of 21,000 who handled adequately by 38 lawyers and three estate trustees. The privileged and expensive handle has left free-ventriloquist White "just stunned," as she waits for her case to be heard by a B.C. Supreme Court judge in November. "Why," she asks, "should I have to prove my services are needed? Let the public decide that."

With B.C. real estate prices increasing by 30 per cent over last year—well above the national average—home buyers are looking for any breaks they can find. On average, B.C.'s 350 notaries charge about one-third less than lawyers for conveyancing since they have less overhead than lawyers and specialize in real estate work, single wills

and witnessing affidavits. Nevertheless, many lawyers find that all legal transactions, no matter how mechanical, should be kept under their jurisdiction. Says Vernon lawyer Robert Gillispie, who is heading the challenge against Barbara White, "Conveyancing must be supervised by a lawyer. I'm working on a case right now where a notary conveyed the wrong parcel of land."

But not all of Gillispie's peers agree. Most of the actual conveyancing work in law offices is done by paralegals and legal secretaries, who are at best loosely supervised by the lawyers themselves. "Only a small number of conveyances require a lawyer's advice—usually if it involves income tax complications,"

Zemans lawyer's advice not always needed



PHOTOGRAPH

says Paul Zemans, professor of law at Osgoode Hall Law School in Toronto. "In this computerized age it is ludicrous for title research to be conducted by two or three people." As well, most negligence claims against B.C. lawyers are related to land transactions, pointing out the fallibility of lawyers themselves.

Zemans and other researchers recommended in a 1978 study for the Ontario attorney-general's professional organizations committee that the lawyers' monopoly on certain uncomplicated legal functions be reconsidered. Their suggestion was not acted upon, leaving B.C. as the only province that permits notaries to perform legal work without a lawyer's control. In other provinces, notaries are limited to witnessing documents, taking affidavits and receiving oaths. Notaries in Quebec are really a branch of the legal profession since they have to go to law school for three years and can give legal advice on non-contentious matters, something B.C. notaries are expressly forbidden to do.

Although notaries in B.C. have handled land transactions since the mid-19th century, it is only with the current unemployment crisis saving law school graduates that the profession is getting glances on the notaries' share of the market. "This year to date, 370 new lawyers have been called to the bar, almost a 50-per-cent increase in numbers," points out Ray Herbert, treasurer of the B.C. Law Society. "Where the business is going to come from to keep them employed? These 370 are more than the total number of notaries practicing, but that has not increased the pressure to prevent notaries from conveyancing. For the lawyers, asking for more of the legal services pie is a solution that requires no sacrifice on their part, as opposed to lowering law school enrolment or lowering their rates."

If White loses, it may be the beginning of the end for notaries. The small B.C. Law Society is unrepresented and divided by the whole affair. But prominent Vancouver trial lawyer B. A. D. Oliver told the notaries at their conference last month. "If the selfish and ill-considered attacks by lawyers on future social arrangements in this province continue, we will go out and prevail upon the courts of British Columbia to say 'No body of men entrusted with public duties can be heard to say that the number of notaries must be kept down in order that their personal incomes might not be diminished.'" Which is just as much lawyerly rhetoric to say that Barbara White wants to be part of the competition. **Mark Hodgson**

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pers, once said McCabe's admission, uttered before Thomson bought the 77 chair, was even then only a half-truth. The Thomson moonlight also buys dewst papers and reduces them to drink little papers, as, as witnessed on Black Wednesday, August 21—when Thomson and Southern simultaneously closed down two of the country's oldest newspapers—states them to death with sharp pencils.

For some reason the enormity of this scandal, which hits the Canadian public of its access to much information, has not been thoroughly acknowledged. Nor have the internal workings and attitudes that distort so much of the news been properly discussed, even in media circles. Canadian Newspapers does just this, daring to describe how astutely died the reporters of Canadian daily papers actually are. The reminiscences of newspaper veterans are all the more credible for their ready confessions of personal shortcomings as well as those of the newspaper unions. The wary collector counts the authors' point is of a lacklustre and stultifyingly conservative world. The subtle links of appointments are unveiled and the self-con-

Maclean, a very many of deep flows.



ty'pewriter (-pri-)n. Machine for writing in characters like those used in printing, by pressing keys to actuate steel types that strike paper through inked ribbon; (arch.) typist. [f. TYPE + WRITER]

The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Current English, 4th Edition.

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world is gruffing, with the primary blame landing on the shoulders at the top.

What emerges is not only a substantial text-book but a highly entertaining read loaded with rich veins of newspaper lore from the howling West Coast style of *The Vancouver Sun* to the dawning incomprehensions of the *Halifax Chronicle-Herald*. There are lamentations for the stories that never see the light of day and rebuffs for the rare occasions when a reversion publisher galvanizes the imagination of his staff. The most substantial pieces are Dennis Gruending's on Stuckenton's Star-Pheasant, his poignant recollections of dreams denied, Walter Stewart's denunciations of journalistic bureaucracy grown impenetrable at the Toronto Star and Dominique Clift's scintillating analysis of the purposes of the commercial press in Quebec (that it could be anywhere).

Novelist Ben Arden's chapter on *The Vancouver Sun* is the front-runner in the laughter stakes. The hinterland past of Vancouver newspapers is populated by more characters per square foot of cigarette-burned newsprint floor than anywhere else. Arden's anecdotes ring with the chatter and drink of typewriters and drinking glasses. OK, reporter Gar MacPherson is writing, "Straight out of *The Front Page*, he wacked the police beat for years... I can't tell you how close we were..." But he never lets that relationship interfere with his professional duty... I happened to mention—it was in the nature of a complaint, that's all—how strange it was that the last maybe half-dozen back holdings had taken place in no other of the most thing I knew Gar had turned me in to the cops on a suspect."

A blueprint for a better press can't be found on these pages. Rather, the book reads like a sorry litany of the deep flaws of Canadian newspaperdom, and in search for that reason. The most devastating critique is the blindness of newspaper owners to anything other than right-wing interpretations of the news. Gruending writes "...the 80thous used company loyalty and personal conservatism as their basis for protection, and none of the idealists were so slow." Harry Magidoff rebuts this criticism: "While Southern Press claims, and I do not doubt that it is true, that it does not interfere with its publishers' authority, it is also true that people do not reach positions of power within the organization unless their ideas and opinions are congenial to those of the establishment."

Among its resident or local political commentators the *(Adventurer)* Journal has no one who is strongly antestablishment, it has no one well-known as a "progressive", it has no one from the political left."

What this book does reveal, and accom-

panying, is the self-imposed blinkers of the Canadian press. The Canadian public—empires of the newspaper industry included—is being denied a true diversity of outlook and information. If those blinkers are not removed, a denial of political options. **Barrie Zeckler**

Fuzzed at the edges like a Nerf ball

HAPPENSTANCE

by Carol Shields
McGraw-Hill/Fenton \$14.95

Jack Downham has two decent kids, and when he has sexual fantasies they tend to be about his wife, Brenda, "a quilt-maker in her own right," as a neighbor once introduced her. They live in a pleasant suburb of Chicago, he works as a historian, and every Friday he and Brenda Kaitis get together over some meal to talk about ideas. Kaitis, for instance, really got them going. But one week, when his wife flies off to a craft show in another city, Jack cranks into Downham's life. Maybe he and his Brenda are as perfect as, just a couple of self-conscious, middle-aged pseudo-intellectuals, tongue-loosed on cheap wine and clubbed rabbits.

Brenda has lost all sense of connection between his work and daily life. The book he is writing has stalled at

Shields' crucial dinner in a happy family



chapter 5, and anyway a long-list girlfriend is going to beat him into print with a book on the same pointless subject. The dinner mirror of history. For the first time, his fogged over. It takes the absence of his wife, a neighbor's attempted suicide and the discovery that he can't, has never, changed his own typewriter ribbon, to put him back in touch with reality.

As an author was, literary title suggests, *Happenstance* is a sensitive novel about the small, crucial dramas in a happy, average family—just about the blindest thing to write, in other words. Carol Shields, the author of *Small Comforts* and *The Star Garden*, happens to be a writer of genuine sensitivity, with a generous, quick-witted style, but here she appears to be straining to write a sentimental (and) ordinary. Her language often sounds self-consciously clever, so if interested in academic wine-making. She has a weakness for drop-dead similes comparing someone's elbows to new potatoes, "brown and crumbing," is catchy, but describing the hot as "baked at the edges like a Nerf ball" is one of these perquisites of the imagination that should have been given the book by an editor.

Like the historian who learns that the study of events has walked him off from experience, Shields is a gifted novelist whose love of language leads to get in the way of her writing.

Muriel Jackson

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

- 1 *Frederick, King* (1)
- 2 *Joshua Then and Now, Richter* (2)
- 3 *The Fifth Horseman, Collins & Caprice* (3)
- 4 *The Russian Maternity, Latham* (3)
- 5 *Reps of Anzai, Shelden* (4)
- 6 *Reverend Wills, Plain* (5)
- 7 *Sally, Richter* (7)
- 8 *Feary, King* (8)
- 9 *Pleasant Daley, Anzai* (8)
- 10 *She of the Pathless, Havelock* (10)

NONFICTION

- 1 *The Third Wave, Teller* (15)
- 2 *The Invasion of Canada, 1812-1813, Berlin* (5)
- 3 *How to Invest Your Money and Profit From Inflation* (polished edition), Shelden (5)
- 4 *Catch Me If You Can, Atkinson* (4)
- 5 *Shelley, Richter* (5)
- 6 *The Helicopter's Wife, Teller* (5)
- 7 *James Hamilton's Victoria, Havelock* (7)
- 8 *Missteps in Toronto Times, Richter* (10)
- 9 *The Road War, Anzai* (8)
- 10 *Five to Chicago, Friedman* (8)

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I nominate Toller Cranston for Miss World Canada

By Barbara Amiel

When the telephone rang in August and a voice asked me to be a judge on the Miss World Canada Pageant, I hesitated. Among my many intellectual lapses is a weakness for watching beauty contests. There is for me a moral quality about the entire proceeding—the melody of whispering voices hurriedly giving audience little thoughts about world peace from 15-glassed maids perched on gleaming bodies, all un-

derstruck and smiling. It's so deliciously vulgar. Still, the contest presented problems since it required a two-day stay in Ottawa. The voice on the phone purred: "We need you so long because we want you to receive a Distinguished Canadian Award on our televised pageant."

I was modest. It was, I said, unnecessary to give me an award but I would be a judge. Modesty aside, the Distinguished Canadian Award isn't here to stay, gone tomorrow. By the time I showed up in Ottawa more had gone, never to be mentioned again.

During the contest, many things were here today, gone tomorrow. After Leslie Nielsen, who was getting a Distinguished Canadian Award, was supposed to be a judge until he looked at the printed program and discovered he was a substitute for Christopher Pennier who couldn't make it. Nielsen's opinion of this bit of understating was revealed in his subsequent use of a device from Los Angeles which, when squeaked, imitates the sound of that elementary social process known colloquially as "breaking wind." Madame Bennett was also down in the program with co-animator Kim Taylor. Madame B. was nowhere to be seen, and Taylor decided not to be a judge but only to accept his (my) OCA. When I looked at the program I discovered that I was a last-minute substitution for Toronto fashion designer Linda Lovato who was twice out because Ottawa beauty consultant Richard Robinson had simply screamed when he heard

there was another designer on the stage. I didn't mind being a sub for the talented Miss Lundström, but all things considered I would have preferred to be a substitute for Madame Bennett. Go even. Christian Dior? Please.

At the judge's briefing we were told not to concentrate on beauty. True, there was a bathing suit competition, but we should restrain ourselves from judging on "proportion of figure" and look instead for "intelligence and warmth." This struck fellow judge and

lucky contestant who made it to the evening gown semifinals tended to be the verbally most, but physically least, attractive. When sister Toller Cranston arrived to receive her OCA, dressed in black leather Valentino trousers, velvet blouse and knotted belt, he was clearly the winner of the evening dress contest, as well as being the most effective verbal commensurator around. For a moment I considered whether our human rights commissioners would support his right to be Miss World Canada.

The final decision as to the winner was made on the basis of an impromptu question. Host Al Waxman dropped with him French to read it to Miss World Quebec City, who spoke normally in English. There was no translator available to decipher her answer. Lucky Miss World Quebec City was.

On reflection there was an small issue to be raised. Beauty contests have been with us forever. Male body-builders train for years to win the Mr. Europe title, fasting for days before the competition to enhance the cut of their muscles. Those who might not excel in the study of theoretical sciences can at least show in the development of practical. Though it is true that intelligence can enhance beauty, it still takes the ubiquity of our modern social abilities to recognize looks to the least important factor in a beauty contest. Besides, we only had up our own. In a recent case of Playboy, a former Miss World was shown in poses that made one think clear she could not have pole-vaulted.



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THE CHARM OF JINNAH BLACKSMITH
Directed by Fred Schepisi

Since 1976, when it became the first Australian film to compete officially at the Cannes Film Festival, advance word on *The Charm of Jinnah* Blacksmith has been resolute: it was a great work of movie art. But to approach it with expertisane commensurate with the "great art" hype surrounding it may well prove disillusioning. Fred Schepisi, writer, producer and director of the film, has an undeniable and genuine gift for seeing with a camera, yet so exciting, disturbing and deliciously beautiful is some of *Jinnah* Blacksmith's moments are, they never pull together into the kind of reverberating mass that leaves you stunned as great works of art do. The movie has visual depth without an emotional resonance to match, and if there's a story demanding all-out emotional fury it's *Jinnah* Blacksmith's.

Based on true events at the turn of the century when Australia was a self-governing federation of its colonies, the story follows Jinnah (Tommy Lewis), a hold-out aborigine brought up by a missionary, as he tries to make a living as best a black could at the time. When he builds a fence for a farmer, he's underpaid, as a trucker of criminals for the police, he's subjected to abuse from his "boss man" and forced to turn against his own kind, for whom he feels ambivalence anyway. The injustices continue and culminate when a landowner withholds his pay because Jinnah's black family has arrived for an extended visit. His white wife (Angela Punch) and her

Punch, Lewis, angry spirit of rebellion

child hungry, Jinnah goes to the landowner's house with his uncle (Steve Dodd) and, in one of the most shocking sequences executed on film, asks for wages to death. Having declared war against the whites, Jinnah, with his younger half-brother (Freddy Reynolds), begins a spree of retribution—Tommy's Travis Bickle loose in the bush.

If we could have been able to see into the black man's soul and the wrong side of hate and confusion swimming around in it, *Jinnah* Blacksmith would have been unbearably powerful. But Schepisi, as a writer, hasn't the talent to make the language anything more than empty and he isn't very good with actors. Tommy Lewis, the as-

known, who plays Jinnah, keeps fighting off the camera, removed from us by making Jinnah's education in anger doesn't tear at us because it isn't conveyed to us by the actor and because the movie's rhythms are too leisurely, lacking force. The images are specific, humane in their generosity (Schepisi is one of the few directors who knows how to use the wide screen), but that's almost all there is. Schepisi could be a wonderful director—if he found a wonderful screenwriter. Lawrence O'Toole

A fine mind in a freak's body

THE ELEPHANT MAN
Directed by David Lynch

John Hurt is scared in so much respect and has so few lines to speak in *The Elephant Man* he's unable to give a performance. As John Merrick, the "elephant man" born with a hideous birth defect, Hurt is buried under ghastly costumes, with his eyes barely perceptible. It's not enough that Merrick's affliction is so startling in itself, the several visual references to a hell tower turn him into something as well kept by a cruel Bill Sikes character as a freak in a sideshow (the movie's black-and-white visual style is also very Dickensian), he's found by Dr. Frederick Treves (Anthony Hopkins) whose interest in him soon turns from medical to personal. "I pray to God he's an idiot," says Treves, but the 21-year-old Merrick has a mind, and a fine one. A human turn, Merrick fascinates the German actress, Margaret (Sadie)

Hurt (left), Hopkins, society's darling



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Kendal (Anne Mearns), and becomes the new darling of Victorian society before he dies.

The *Elphinstone* Men, based on a true story and not to be confused with the obvious: that beneath that horrible facade is a human being. The screenwriters, however, seem to be at great pains (and failing tries, at greater pains to give him a break). Mearns's speech has been relegated to the status of ideag-ism: it's dangerous to give a great lady a scene performance as Hattie Kendal. It's not actually a performance—she has "drugged it" on the movie to leave it with her presence. Her three short scenes, one of which is a visit to Mearns in which she urges him to read a scene from *Flowers and John* with her, apparently constitute what was, historically, Mearns's most important relationship.

Director David Lynch (*Rainforest*) takes an unreasonably long time to reveal Mearns physically, having Elphinstone walk around with a sack over his head, as if punishing a freak for our education. Lynch is fond of black, and the technicians he applies to his sexually told story are the cheap tactics better served in a cheap movie. Of all the missing elements in *The Elphinstone Men*, the most sorry lacking is compassion. It is, perhaps, one of life's larger tragedies that the dead have no presence. L.O.T.

The strains of mad foolish love

SCRAMBLE IN TIME
Directed by Jean-Marie Lelonde

It's intensely foolish piece of re-makes to look begins with Christopher (Chapman) Rivers being given a pocket watch at the opening of his first play by an old lady who whispers, "Come back to me." Eight years later, now a successful playwright, he takes up in a hotel room, tyrannical himself back to 1912 and returns to her. Elve you ever? Probably not. You probably should, either. In her painful incarnation the old lady turns out to be lovely Jane Seymour, a famous American actress with a possessive manager (Christopher Plummer). The lovers, moving across a quickly photographed and well-dressed scene, defy all obstacles. Rivers is a deft, light comedian, a suave bouncer from the Cary Grant school, Seymour is stunning and on set, Plummer keeps a straight, aristocratic pace throughout. It all seems where in time is quite silly—a movie to which you can bring your favorite switch of tails and stroke it as you watch mad, foolish love in the strains of *Barbarian*. L.O.T.

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THE STUNT MAN
Directed by Richard Rush

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Made with a sheer love of movie-making for people who need to be reminded of movies, *The Short Men* is a truly original creation—sophisticated and, at the same time, terrific fun. It has everything going for it: a wickedly funny script by Lawrence D. Mason with lines that turn impossible scenes like so many Road Runners, a wonderful, rollicking musical score by Dominic Frontiere, dashing camera



work by Mario Testi, and slight-of-hand editing. For its first hour, the camera's eye is as busy as a child's at the circus. The ringmaster—and a truly sophisticated creature himself—is Bill Cross (Peter Onorati), a mad-priest-director making an anti-war tract about the First World War. Cross is a crazy pro, a self-styled Don Quixote who'd pawn his mother for an extra day's shooting, and Onorati gives him a wit sadder than a Gila monster's tongue.

For Cron, nothing can stand in the way of his movie. One of his stunt men drives a DeSoto off a bridge, but the illusion misfires when an escaping criminal (Steve Kallishack) enters the scene. The stunt man is killed and Cron, desperately needing three more

The criminal, whom he christens Lucky, doubles for the dead stunt man, and it's from his perspective that we then watch both movies. Lucky is totally, comically confused by this double world of illusion and disillusionment, and by the seductive behavior of Greta. He meets the leading lady, Nina (Barbara Hershey), made up as an old woman, and falls in love with her when

she pulls off her face, nothing is what it seems. Does Nina love him, or is she under orders from Cross to keep him on the net? Is Cross trying to kill her with a secret of the Thompsons?

Everyone is confounded by Crass, who calls the crew his children and appears from out of nowhere in a crane from time to time like Katharine Hepburn in *Suddenly, Last Summer*—or God. He knows what everyone is doing (O'Toole even puts with him) and he's always right. Yet the whole crew comes gradually to love him, despite the abuse he showers on them.

Somewhat, director Richard Link (whose previous films, *Getting Straight* and *Forrest and the Bees*, gave no indi-



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Directed by John Huston

Admittedly, John Huston's directorial life has not been entirely without sin: the genius of *The Maltese Falcon* and *The African Queen* certainly flew its antithesis in drinkers like *Casino Royale* and *Gold Diggers of Paris*. Nevertheless, it is to our national shame that, after 49 years of overwhelmingly distinguished filmmaking, Huston had to come to Canada to make what is indisputably the worst film of his career: *Phobias*.

Phobos is the latest of the chiseled action stars for which Canada is gaining a world reputation, and it follows the formula almost to the letter. An American star—in this case Paul Michael Glaser of 70's *Sherry* and *Work*—is surrounded by a group of Canadian actors in a city that goes simultaneously unnamed as the Yanks will think it's one of theirs. Like *Monty*, Glaser has only one function in this film, so hope its box-office returns—which it desperately needs, because *Phobos* has nothing going for it. The script is less implausible than *Swamp* and still Glaser plays a strick who is trying



Stacy: take two photos and call me later

to treat five phobic people—criminal volunteers—with a program of behavior modification. They begin to die one by one in the way each fears most. By the time we find out who the killer is, we just don't care.

John Gaudin

John Gould

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A voyage of discovery for three of the unwise men

By Alan Fotheringham

The trees on the road west from Winnipeg are gold, stolen from the brush of Colorado. The prairie at this time of year, suspended in Indian summer, is not dull and bland as oil, but delicate and beautiful. A traveller on the road west, realising the miles between the glimmers of civilization, contemplates only one key wish. It is that the stars (intended in the Liberal cabinet—Trudeau, Lalonde, Popin—could travel this road just to conceptualize what distance means to the West.

In those faithless miles, skies stretching to the horizon in all directions as if a King's law had been plucked down on this portion of mankind, in the basic Western Canadian belief in land and property and resources, distance from one's neighbours creates a feel for the earth. Geography becomes a friend, not an enemy. Farm distances count.

The road dips and waves past Portage la Prairie, Texas called Selkirk and Melville—how did they get here?—disappears behind Carberry, Justice, Two Creeks. We reach Fargo, Steinfeld and Rapid City. The problems, from the Ottawa riverbank, in the absence of mapshy toward the Western feeling an resource ownership. It is one thing not to agree, it is another thing not to understand. The road extends, weaving but never varying from its westward orientation, on through the hours.

It is not a concept easily grasped by sophisticated urban folk from tightly packed urban centers in Montreal—or Toronto. The miles passed by, the dead perspective by the road, the aqueduct skunk, the small animals melted into the asphalt. In Central Canada, one gets on an airplane to travel short distances. Out here, one must travel the land. It sets up a bond. The argument over resources in between men who sit in offices and read. Alan Fotheringham is a columnist for *Canadian Press*.

who have a feeling for the earth. In the leverage room at the hotel in Mexico City, Stalk, there is a talk of constitution as the weaker holds cloth. The help in the green sweater borrows \$10 from her man as she sets out on the most important project in Canada this day: it is the afternoon she conducts the Brownies on a hike. Outside Wapiti, just Red Jacket, an object lesson in the day. A freight train headed back east, its lengths and lengths of automobile carriers empty as it heads to

stream. They prove to be, as distance shrinks, steeper lanes of hay, 10 meters high, in symmetry. Another train heads by eastward, tank cars from Alberta. Geo Chomchuk, destined for diffinition as the Red rather than the West. One sees Peter Laughlin's smile expanding to a smile in the imagery. Trudeau/Lalonde/Popin stand by the road and see resources flowing ever outward to those who will profit by them. It's an educational road.

Summertime goes by. Strelitzia, Peonies, Odessa and Kidding are to the left. Saskatchewan, Gerald and Kenilworth to the right. The farmers, light-years away from the dust bowl, sit at their power windows. The landscape is less, five-figure in value, air-conditioned, tape deck in the telephone. There is no longer awe for men in white in Ottawa offices that have double doors for security's sake.

The road reaches west. Outside Indian Head, a small artificial hole provides a plan for these newfound entrepreneurs and landholders who zoom away to the patch fields and, one suspects, Arizona. There is no inferiority complex left from dust-bowl days. Only a sort of weary contempt—and sadness—shows from less-changing surroundings who have no idea how once-remote regions have changed.

Pilot Route approaches in Regina, the New York touring company of the Fazio Waller Bros. production approaches. Somewhere out there await Conquest, Congress and Cinema, Gut Knife, Seneca, Outlook, Mount, Plenty, Unity and Halfhearted, Elbow and Eyewitness, Denis, Liberty and Love. The clouds swirl, lowering to the horizon that severe odds and unbroken forever. One only wishes that there were three hitch-hikers on this road, leaving the lessons of geography, away from the pavement and the airline terminals and chauffeur limousines. The roadside would languidly collect with the front of the car and disintegrate.

Near Grenfell, a half-dozen giant loaves of bread loom on the horizon, supermarket roses something off the tv



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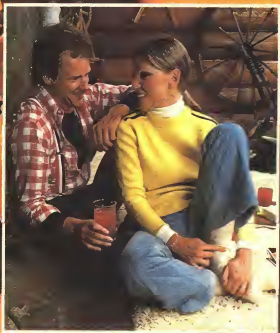
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